The Outlook

NOVEMBER 23, 1921

HIGHWAYMEN ON THE GRAND SCALE

HIGHWAYMEN of the old days such as Claude Duval and Sixteen-String Jack would view with amazement and envy the bold bandits who strike for big booty on our highroads and on the railways, which are but the Nation's highways. Sociologists may differ as to the reason of the recent sudden increase in crimes of this kind, but the fact is undisputed. Thus three young fellows almost terrorized northern New Jersey a while ago by holding up automobiles and trolley cars and robbing their occupants most thoroughly; they were finally captured through the courage of one man, who fired back when he was fired at. In the recent holdup of the New Orleans Limited on the Illinois Central Railway bandits were furnished with all the modern scientific appliances, including two high-speed automobiles, dynamite, safe-drilling apparatus, and a large variety of tools and weapons; as a scientific operation the robbery was a grand success, but as a profitable business scheme it failed, because the robbers took the wrong mail-bags. But perhaps the most notable of recent crimes of this kind was the holding up on Broadway in New York City of a mail wagon and the seizure by the robbers of registered-mail sacks containing an enormous mount of securities, cash, and valuable articles, over two million dollars' worth, it is said.

Such instances as these call for preventive measures of a sweeping kind. The New York Post Office robbery was a positive scandal in that a vast sum of wealth was carried in a single motor car with not a guard to protect the driver, who did not even have a pistol in his pocket. This seems inconceivable. Postmaster-General Hays had issued orders months before that the mail should be guarded in New York. Evidently severe punishment should be inflicted on those who violated his order; it is understood that two or three resignations have already been demanded and that further investigation is going on.

As regards the railway robberies, the Government has declared war against the bandits by obtaining from the authorities a detail of one thousand Marine Corps men heavily armed, who are now in small detachments guarding trains carrying registered mail. Certainly, in view of the fact that the registering of mail does not insure it and that individuals have suffered severely because the mails have not been properly guarded, the Government ought not to spare time or energy or money to make its traveling post offices secure. Mr. Hays states that in the year ending last April the sum of over six million dollars has been stolen from the mails. It is to be hoped that this rich harvest for criminals will never be equaled in the future.

THE ELECTIONS

ASIDE from the chief interest in this year's elections, namely, in New York City, there were other interesting municipal elections and two very interesting State elections. In Buffalo the defeat of one Republican by another Republican had the nature of a referendum on the Volstead Law. The campaign of the winning candidate was conducted on a platform declaring for an amendment to that law.

A singularly striking municipal contest occurred in Youngstown, Ohio, resulting in the election of a man who, until recently, had not been a resident of the city, namely, George Lawrence Oles. Not long since he took up residence at a Youngstown hotel and circulated petitions which allowed him to run on an independent ticket. Mr. Oles attributes his success to a liberal use of advertising space. He had no political organization; his entire campaign centered about his personality, publicity methods, and promises of a "business" administration.

The two important State elections were those in Virginia and in New York State. In Virginia the Republican candidate, Colonel Anderson, received a large vote. Despite defections among colored Republicans, he succeeded in holding down the Democratic majority. The result indicates that a vigorous white Republican party is being built up in Virginia.

In New York State public interest was concentrated on three of the seven proposed Constitutional amendments. The rejection of the Veterans' Preference Civil Service Amendment is particularly gratifying, especially as the vote was larger than on any other amendment. It is a relief to think that a caste of military office-holders is not to be created. The triumph of the Literacy Test Amendment is hardly less gratifying, especially as the population of the State has in it many foreign elements. The amendment doubling the salaries of members of the Legislature was defeated, and doubtless by the argument that this is no time for increasing State expenses.

COAL AND THE PUBLIC

THE very mild bills relating to regulation of the coal industry formerly introduced by Senators Calder and Frelinghuysen having been side-tracked by reference to committee, there have now been introduced by Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, two bills which are immensely more drastic than their predecessors. The first is entitled "A bill to define and punish profiteering in coal." The punishment provided for a first offense would be a fine of from $100 to $10,000; for later offenses a fine of not less than $1,000 and imprisonment for from ninety days to five years. To profiteer under the act would be "to charge or exact excessive or unreasonable prices for coal." What would constitute such excessive rates? The act is definite enough; an operator who sells not over 1,000 tons a month must not charge over 50 cents per ton above cost; if he sells over 1,000 and not over 5,000 tons a month, the margin of profit is 35 cents on all beyond the first 1,000 tons; and so on, with varying rates of margin based on amounts of sale. As will be seen, this is not fixing prices, but fixing percentages of profit. Just how the Supreme Court would regard this we are not likely to know, as, judging by the action or non-action of Congress on former coal bills, the chance of this bill's passage is slight.

Senator Kenyon's other bill in its title establishes a sound principle, namely, that in its production and distribution coal is charged with a public interest and use. Therefore the bill aims to "promote the general welfare by gathering information respecting the ownership, production, distribution, costs, sales, and profits in the coal industry and by publication of the same." This would be done, under the bill, through the Federal Trade Commission, which is given large powers of investigation. The Federal courts have power to enforce the subpœnas of the Commission and compel operators, dealers, and miners to furnish information. The Inter-State Commerce Commission and the Geological Survey are to aid in carrying out the provisions of the act.

The most stringent provision of the bill, however, is that conferring certain powers on the President:

> Whenever the Federal Trade Commission shall determine that an

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emergency exists or threatens in the coal industry and supply which seems likely to produce a shortage or bring about unusual or unwarranted or unreasonable prices in coal and be detrimental to the public health, either throughout the United States or in any portion thereof, and when such findings shall be confirmed by the President, the President is hereby authorized to declare the existence of an emergency which threatens the public health either throughout the United States or through any particular portion thereof, and he is hereby empowered thereupon to fix the maximum coal prices and dealers' commissions and margins either throughout the United States or in any designated portion, which prices, commissions, and margins so fixed shall continue only until he shall declare the emergency to have passed. During such emergency the President is hereby empowered to revoke the license of any operator or dealer who has sold coal or charged a commission or received a margin in excess of the prices, commissions, or margins fixed, and each sale made or commission charged or margin received in excess of those fixed shall be a misdemeanor and punishable as such.

The President is hereby authorized in any such emergency to deal in coal, at reasonable prices, and to control the production, movement, and distribution of coal in such manner and to such extent as he shall deem necessary and essential to the protection of the public health.

This sounds startling, but, after all, it is no more so than what President Roosevelt meant to do in the miners' strike of 1902 if the operators and miners would not consent to arbitrate. In a letter from Theodore Roosevelt first printed in The Outlook two weeks ago he said: "I got the consent of a commission, with Grover Cleveland at the head, to serve, and arranged for tne United States Army to run the mines if there was any delay in accepting the arbitration."

We shall watch with interest the debate on these two bills, if they ever get to the stage of discussion.

WHAT THE NATIONS HAVE BORROWED FROM THE UNITED STATES

THE House of Representatives has passed the Foreign Debt Refunding Bill. This measure would convert—or refund—into long-time bonds the demand notes held by our Government for all borrowings from it during the war; that is to say, it would spread over a term of years the payment of interest installments.

During the war Great Britain borrowed from us over four billion dollars; France, over three billions; Italy, over a billion and a half. This does not represent the total of the money loaned by the United States, for other nations borrowed smaller sums which in the aggregate mounted into billions. With accrued interest the total sum amounts to some $11,000,000,000. Never before did so stupendous a debt exist where several nations were the debtors and one nation the creditor.

In view of the hard times abroad, suggestions have come from Europe that, as we were slow in getting into the war and as our allies have suffered vastly more than we have in the loss of men and in the destruction of property, we might well cancel the whole debt. But this would be unjust to the American people and Government, and in many cases would have a bad effect on the debtor nations themselves.

If the debt is to be paid, the debtor nations, it must be recognized, differ widely in their resources and in their ability to pay. Some of the smaller nations are insolvent and others are on the brink of insolvency. Hence in the conversion of the notes we must be governed by relative disparities in paying power. It is a time when we must deal broadly with the situation so as to secure ultimate payment of the debt owing to us. It is emphatically a time when, in view of threatened bankruptcy abroad, we should not reach out our hand for the pound of flesh. It is a time for friendly consideration, generosity, mercy, and final justice.

As introduced, the Refunding Bill gave sole power to the Secretary of the Treasury to negotiate with our debtors. As passed, the bill gives this power to a Commission of five members, the Secretary of the Treasury being one. A commission, it is objected, would not act as expeditiously as would one man. But the House was unwilling to put so much power in the hands of one man. Expedition, however, will be obtained if the Commissioners' minds run along willingly with the mind of the "one man," namely, the Secretary of the Treasury.

If the House thus added a very important amendment, it also rejected one, namely, the giving to Congress the right to review the Commission's work. Such a review, exercised by many non-experts in finance, might easily upset the necessarily delicate negotiations.

LABOR AND LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

THE American Federation of Labor has officially declared itself in favor of the limitation of armaments. The November number of the "American Federationist," the official organ of the American Federation of Labor, contains an important statement by President Samuel Gompers of the attitude of organized labor towards war and armaments. It also prints the views of a number of publicists and labor leaders expressed at the request of Mr. Gompers. Among them is a letter from Dr. Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, which will, we believe, prove to be of interest to our readers at this time:

My dear Mr. Gompers:

You will only want from each one of your contributors a brief expression of opinion. That is all I attempt here.

I am sorry that the newspapers have given to the approaching International Conference at Washington the title "Disarmament." Disarmament is no remedy for war. In 1915 the Turks first disarmed the Armenians, then massacred them. No one proposed disarmament. Non-resistance which may be a virtue in an individual may be a crime in a nation. A nation is a mutual insurance society organized to protect its citizens against violence—mob violence within the nation, violent assault from without. It is the duty of the nation to furnish that protection. We may sometimes surrender our rights for the sake of peace; but we may never for the sake of peace abandon our duties. It is the object of civilization to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force in the settlement of all controversies, whether they arise between conflicting interests within the nation or between conflicting national interests. It would be folly to expect disarmament from the Conference at Washington, but we may perhaps hope that the statesmen there gathered may find a way to substitute co-operative armament for competitive armament, that is, a combination of all civilized nations to resist onslaughts by barbarians whencesoever they may come, and an agreement by all civilized nations to settle controversies which may arise between them by law, not by war.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) LYMAN ABBOTT.

The "American Federationist" reproduced Dr. Abbott's holographic letter in facsimile.

THE ONLY PRIME MINISTER IN THE ARMS CONFERENCE

ARISTIDE BRIAND is the only Premier at the assembling of the Arms Conference in Washington. He is fifty-eight years old. He is a solidly built person, quite the opposite to the popular idea as to what a Frenchman looks like. He is a self-made man. He has been a Socialist. He was a chief source in pushing the Church and State Separation Law through the French Parliament. He obtained a great triumph over labor unrest by crushing the great railway strike some years since in France through mobilizing the strikers. Repeatedly Foreign Minister and Prime Minister, his policy has been to try to induce international solidarity.

While M. Briand cherishes no illusions as to universal peace coming from the Washington Conference, he does believe that it may arrive at "an agreement pointing to international solidarity." To pessimists concerning this he replies, in

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BY OUR REMEMBRANCES OF DAYS FOREGONE

(All's Well that Ends Well, Act I, Scene 3)

Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial

"NEVER AGAIN! BUT WASN'T IT GREAT, EH!"

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

REUNION

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

"THE PROOF, SENATOR?"

Morris in the Omaha Daily Bee

"I'M A LITTLE HARD O'HEARING IN THAT EAR, JOHN"

From Mrs. Ralph D. Currier, North Loup, Nebraska

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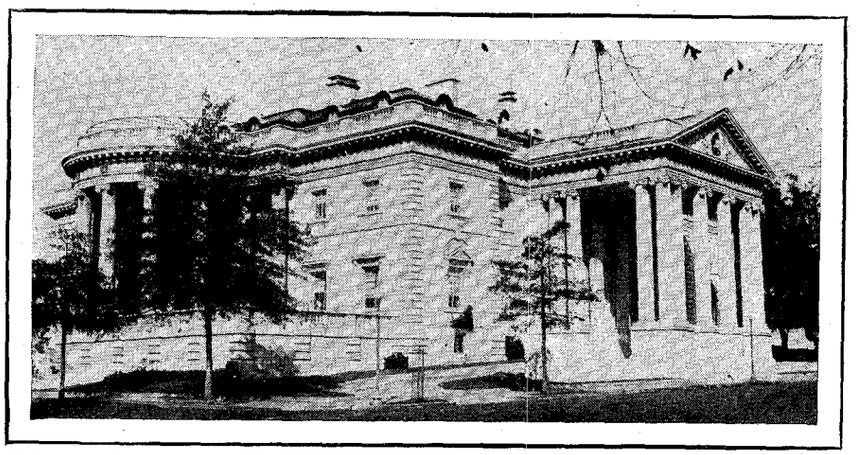

International

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WHERE THE OPENING SESSION OF THE ARMAMENTS CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON WAS HELD

an interview reported by the New York "Herald:"

> I have attended many international conferences. Before some of them met it was said that the difficulties were so great as to make a rupture certain. Well, the rupture never occurred, and it is an established fact that when you sit around a table and discuss questions frankly, looking one another in the eye, difficulties have a way of diminishing.

M. Briand comes to Washington not as an extremist. Some time ago to the question, "How shall France be saved from economic ruin?" so good a man as ex-President Poincaré replied, "Enforce the treaty by an army at once"—a simple, logical statement appealing to the popular imagination. M. Briand said, however:

> The solution of the problem consists in accord between France and her allies. It is better to reduce our claims on condition that they are guaranteed by a definite contract than to seek more important payments in the distant future with our own strength alone. . . . France has the force to compel respect for engagements taken with her and would be able to use it if necessary. But it is in peace that she wants to bring Germany to fulfill her engagements. . . . This policy does not renounce the use of force, if need be, for the execution of the Treaty. But it would be applied with our allies at our side and after all other means of settlement had been exhausted.

This is the situation facing France. If, at Washington, she is urged to limit her army as other nations their navies, she may very properly ask those who sit at the Conference table what safeguard they propose in case of the next unprovoked German attack.

CROWNS AT A DISCOUNT

THE market for kingly crowns is suffering a further slump.

Certainly the new King of Jugoslavia, it would seem, is in no hurry about putting on his crown. His father died two months ago; but the son has remained in Paris ever since, and has only just now gone back to Belgrade, his capital, to assume his royal dignity.

Constantine, his Greek neighbor to the south, is again finding that his crown does not fit and threatens, it is said, to abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince unless the Government succeeds in negotiating a necessary loan. Certainly his prospects in the endeavor to retain that part of Asia Minor occupied by Greeks have not been improved by the treaty reported as concluded between France and the Independent Turks.

The most-talked-of crown, however, just now is that of St. Stephen, the crown of Hungary. It has been worn by the Emperor Charles as King of Hungary, and that young man has made two recent attempts to get it again. By these attempts he has not only menaced the peace of his own country, but has destroyed his own chances. Two years ago the Hungarian Parliament passed a law providing that the question of a monarch should be postponed until the domestic and international political situation had become more settled. The impatient Charles, however, would not wait for the settlement. Relying upon a profoundly royalist people and upon the fact that he had never been deposed, Charles felt that the Hungarians must turn to him as their legitimate king. Hence, breaking the promise to the Swiss which they had imposed upon him after a similar flight in order to seize the crown, he left Switzerland secretly with his wife, by airship, and, landing in Hungary, attempted, with his adherents, to march to Budapest. The Hungarians are naturally disposed towards a monarch, but they found themselves opposed to this monarch. They resisted him, interned him, banished him, and actually passed a Hapsburg dethronization law. This has appeased the Powers in general and the Little Entente (Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia) in particular. Their troops had been mobilized and were ready to enter Hungary. As an English gunboat happened to be in the Danube, Charles and his wife were taken on board and thence transferred in Rumanian waters to a British cruiser, which is transporting them, presumably, to the Portuguese island of Madeira, said to have been selected as their place of exile. Thus, for the moment, Great Britain is again in charge of an ex-Emperor. The transfer of Napoleon to St. Helena comes to mind. Madeira is far more attractive. Yet Napoleon the Great went to St. Helena and Charles the Little goes to Madeira.

THE NEW JAPANESE PREMIER

TAKAHASHI is a common name in Japan. "Who's Who" in Japan mentions some fifty eminent Takahashis. One of them, Korekiyo Takahashi, is the new Japanese Prime Minister, in succession to the late Premier Hara.

Baron Takahashi is sixty-seven years old. He is a Samurai—and the Samurai still mean much in Japan.

He has been a great Minister of Finance. His life has been an education for this post. When thirteen years old, he was sent to this country for study, and, returning home, ultimately became principal of an English school at Osaka. Six years later he entered the Government service and occupied various positions in it, and also in the Bank of Japan, finally becoming its Vice-Governor, and then President of the Yokohama Specie Bank. Appointed financial agent for raising foreign loans in England and America, he visited those countries twice. Finally he became the Governor of the Bank of Japan.

Baron Takahashi's appointment to the Premiership indicates a continuation of the Hara policies. With them, as Minister of Finance in the Hara Cabinet, he has been in sympathy. He is a Liberal. He favors, it is said, the maintenance of China's territorial integrity. He was among the first to warn his fellow-countrymen against excessive expenditure at a time when Japan's economic condition had been hard hit by the reaction following the period of war prosperity. Not only is he counted upon to support any reasonable project of naval retrenchment, but some expect him to signalize his advent to the Premiership by a striking act affecting the Japanese land forces on the mainland of Asia.

NATALIE CURTIS BURLIN

WE record with deep regret the untimely death of Natalie Curtis Burlin, Mrs. Paul Burlin, a valued contributor to The Outlook, who was run down and fatally injured by an automobile in Paris, where she died on October

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23. Her last article for The Outlook was contributed to its issue of September 14, and entitled "From Kraal to College." It was a very delightful and illuminating interpretation of the personality and character of a native African, Kamba Simango. During the past ten years she had contributed to The Outlook several papers on the musical and pictorial art of the American Negro and the American Indian.

She was a niece of George William Curtis, the distinguished American journalist and publicist, and early in life displayed a remarkable talent for music and received a thorough musical education both here and in Europe. She was an accomplished pianist and at first did some original musical composition, but she became interested in primitive music, and thus her attention and talents were turned to a study of the myths and music of the American Indian and later to the folk-songs of the African Negro and the "spirituals" of the American Negro. In this study of the æsthetic genius of these two submerged races she had the hearty sympathy and cooperation of President Roosevelt, and through his assistance was enabled to visit Indian reservations under the most favorable auspices. In 1905 she published "Songs of Ancient America," being a collection of the songs of the Pueblo Indians. This and a later book on Indian music won wide recognition both in this country and in Europe for the amazing accuracy of her transcriptions and annotations of strange and difficult melody and rhythm. A little later she began a similar study of Negro folk music, and in 1919 published a volume of Negro folk-songs which was a contribution not only to the literature of music itself, but to an important branch of ethnology. Only last year, as a result of her study of primitive African folk-lore, she published "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent." At the time of her death she was visiting Spain and France with her husband. On this trip she spoke before an International Congress on "The History of Art" at the Sorbonne in Paris.

When the news of her death was received, the Indian and Negro students at Hampton Institute gathered in the chapel and sang the old "spirituals" which she had recorded for them as a tribute to her memory, and at the same time in a distant convent a sisterhood of nuns repeated a prayer for the repose of her soul. In an address in memory of her at Hampton Institute, Dr. Gregg, its principal, said:

> Natalie Curtis Burlin was a true artist in literature and in music, and somewhat of a seer as well, discerning inner meanings and hidden spiritual values. Her genius chose folk-lore and folk music particularly as its principal field of exploration and exercise, and with respect to the folk tales and folk-songs of the American Indian and the Negroes she became one of the first authorities.

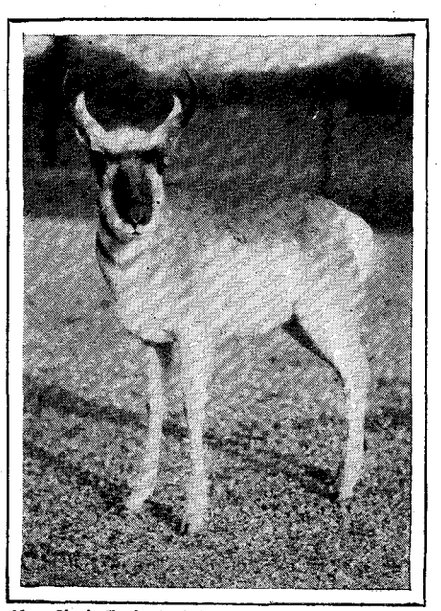
Her life and work furnish a remarkable example of the way in which art can be made the means of a ministry of service in human advancement.

A PLEA FOR THE PRONGHORN

THE pronghorn antelope is one of the very few North American animals peculiar to the continent and without close relations anywhere in the world. It formerly ranged from near the Mississippi River west to the Pacific Ocean, and from western Canada south well into Mexico. In primitive times, and indeed within the memory of living men, it was the most abundant of the larger animals of the plains—more numerous, many believe, than the buffalo, whose numbers have always been so talked about. To-day this unique animal appears to be on the verge of extinction.

A small group of these animals has long been known to occupy a territory in eastern Oregon and northern Nevada just along the boundary between these two States, and, since the country is valueless for agriculture, some efforts have been made to have a refuge set apart there for the protection of the antelope—and incidentally of the sage hen, our largest grouse, which also is constantly becoming fewer in numbers. Of late years, however, outfits of sheep have been driven into this area occupied by the antelope, and it is reported that the sheepmen declare that they purpose to kill off all the antelope, so that there shall be no excuse for asking the Government to establish an antelope refuge.

News recently received in the East from people in Nevada declares that an official of the Biological Survey and his deputy recently spent some days riding the antelope range, where they saw many antelope; and just across the State line in Oregon they counted fourteen carcasses of antelope that had been shot down and left. The carcasses were examined and the bullet holes seen in them; and no portion of the animals had been used. The killing was wanton. Stock riders in this district informed the official that a little farther north was another place where, in the same fashion, twenty-seven antelope had been shot down and left.



New York Zoological Society
PRONGHORN ANTELOPE

The region where this is reported to have occurred is remote and is settled sparsely or not at all; but it seems evident that active measures should be taken by the States of Oregon and Nevada and, so far as possible, by the Federal Government to protect these unique animals in what is almost their last home.

Over most of the United States settlement and the economic use of the land have extinguished most of the large animals native to North America; but it seems that we should all of us do what is in our power to postpone as long as possible their total extermination.

THE DUTY OF WAR AND OF PEACE

OVER two thousand years ago a Hebrew prophet foretold the time when "all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for fuel of fire." The proposal to scrap over a million and three-quarter tons of naval vessels looks like a long step toward the fulfillment of this ancient prophecy.

The Christian doctrine of peace is expressed in a sentence of the Apostle Paul: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

It is not always possible.

In the days of Washington it was not possible to live peaceably with the Government of George III. War was a duty.

In the days of Abraham Lincoln it was not possible to live peaceably with a slavocracy which would have destroyed the Republic that it might enslave the Negro. War was a duty.

In the days of McKinley it was not possible to live peaceably with a sixteenth-century despotism which was slowly crushing out the life of a defenseless neighbor. War was a duty.

In the present decade it was not possible to live peaceably with the Hun who was devastating Belgium and France

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and threatening the destruction of modern civilization. War was a duty.

But now? The voice which in former epochs called the Nation to war now calls the Nation to do all that is possible to establish a world peace and uphold it with justice and righteousness.

The moral influence of our Government's proposal and of the response which it has evoked it is impossible to overestimate. It is statesmanlike not only in matter but also in method of presentation. It is proof of American good faith in offering a bigger sacrifice of naval power than is asked of others; it is wise in not sacrificing vital interest of self-defense; it is courageous in completely halting naval competition; it is intelligent in that it is expressed in terms that people can understand; it is skillful in that it summons to the Government's support public opinion here and brings pressure of public opinion to bear upon other Governments. It converts American aspirations into a well-defined resolution; carries forward phrases into action; answers effectively the charges, sometimes malicious, oftener ignorant, brought by Bolshevists against democracy; will counteract the schemes of militarists entangled in the traditions of an obsolete feudalism; will hearten the friends of justice, liberty, and peace in all lands; and will promote international trust, confidence, and good will.

It is true that armaments are the tools, not the causes, of war. But it is also true that laying aside some of the tools of war may facilitate the peaceful solution of perplexing problems. Too many weapons of war in the hands of the negotiators do not necessarily tend to peace. A well-informed correspondent in the last issue of The Outlook said: "The situation in the Far East will be distinctly improved if some agreement can be reached for progressive and substantial decrease in naval armaments, and if this can be attained the tension will be greatly eased." The tension has already been eased, and the Powers assembled in Washington will approach the world problems in a spirit quite different from that with which they approached them in Paris. The question for Americans, "What is our duty toward other peoples and how shall we accomplish it?" still remains for consideration, and it is a difficult question. What is the duty of civilized nations to China, which has been too peaceful to be able to protect herself? What their duty toward the Armenians, surrounded by a people whose military passions are intensified by religious fanaticism? What their duty toward France, with a neighbor which has changed her Government but has given no sign as yet of having changed her disposition or her desire to crush her rival? What toward the lesser Powers of Europe between whom the fires of jealousy and hate are smoldering and every now and then break out into open warfare?

These problems have not been solved. But a spirit has been inspired not only in the Conference but in the nations of the earth which gives ground for hope that for them a possible solution may be found by patience, charity, and good will. This may well furnish a theme for devout gratitude on the approaching Thanksgiving Day.

MR. TUMULTY'S LIFE OF WOODROW WILSON

WE shall not undertake a careful estimate of the "Life of Woodrow Wilson" by his former private secretary, Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, which is now appearing serially in the New York "Times," until it appears in book form. It is only fair to wait until the work is completed to print a judgment upon it, but one statement in it should be corrected, for the sake of historical accuracy. In Chapter XXVI, in which Mr. Tumulty is defending President Wilson's policy of neutrality during the first two years of the World War, he asserts that Theodore Roosevelt approved of Mr. Wilson's neutrality in the following language:

> Colonel Roosevelt himself, who subsequently attacked so strongly the "pusillanimity" of the Administration's course, said on September 23, 1915:
>
> "A deputation of Belgians has arrived in this country to invoke our assistance in the time of their dreadful need. What action our Government can or will take I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken that will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other."
>
> It was not the policy of a weakling or a timid man. It was the policy of a prudent leader and statesman, who was carefully feeling his way amid dangers, and who as a historian himself knew the difficulties of an imprudent or incautious move.

Mr. Roosevelt did not say these words on September 23, 1915. They were printed in an article by him in The Outlook of September 23, 1914. Mr. Tumulty does not say that in quoting the above passage from Theodore Roosevelt's article in The Outlook he omits to add its most important part. Mr. Roosevelt continued in the same article from which Mr. Tumulty quotes:

> But we pay the penalty of this action on behalf of peace for ourselves, and possibly for others in the future, by forfeiting our right to do anything on behalf of peace for the Belgians in the present. We can maintain our neutrality only by refusal to do anything to aid unoffending weak Powers which are dragged into the gulf of bloodshed and misery through no fault of their own. . . . But it is a grim comment on the professional pacifist theories as hitherto developed that our duty to preserve peace for ourselves may necessarily mean the abandonment of all effective effort to secure peace for other unoffending nations which through no fault of their own are dragged into the war.

Mr. Roosevelt's article in The Outlook from which Mr. Tumulty gives a garbled quotation was written about September 1, 1914. At that time Mr. Roosevelt, as well as The Outlook, in common with all patriotic citizens of the country, desired to give the President of the United States a full and free opportunity to formulate his policy with regard to all the international questions involved in the war. Mr. Roosevelt—and The Outlook agreed with him—at that very time believed that an official protest against the Belgian invasion was demanded both on the grounds of good morals and good Americanism. He hoped that the President was going to come to this view, and he did not desire to put obstructions in his way, although he reserved the right to criticise the President if he failed to condemn the Belgian invasion. It was in this spirit that Mr. Roosevelt made the allusions to Belgium in the article from which Mr. Tumulty has made only a partial, and therefore a misleading, quotation.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF CHRISTIANITY

A CONSIDERABLE agitation is going on at this time in the Christian Church concerning the "fundamentals" of Christianity, and two denominations are threatened with heresy trials because certain of their clergy are accused of not teaching the fundamentals. A few years ago a series of booklets prepared by Christian ministers on "Fundamentals" was published, the publication endowed, and the booklets, I believe, extensively circulated. I occasionally get a letter from some "Unknown Friend" who is inclined to discard the old creeds and either suggests a new one to take their place or asks me to prepare one. These all assume that Christianity is, or at least includes, a system of doctrines, and that certain of these doctrines are "foundations" on which the entire system rests.

But Jesus Christ did not teach a system of doctrines, though various systems of doctrines have been developed out of his teaching. Jesus Christ was a teacher

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not of philosophy but of life. He was a vocational teacher. When he taught a theological doctrine, it was generally, if not always, with immediate reference to the conduct of life. Did he say God is spirit, it was only to add that we must worship him in spirit; did he say that God is our Father, it was that he might urge that in prayer we are to approach him with the fearless freedom of children. He defined his purpose as a teacher by his invitation: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He taught, not to satisfy our curiosity, but to give us rest in this restless world. He defined to his followers their appointed theme: "Teach men," he said, "to observe whatsoever I have *commanded* you." In a single significant sentence one of his Apostles has characterized his teaching as life teaching: He came "teaching us that . . . we should *live* soberly, righteously, and godly."

For over sixty years I have been accustomed to go to the Four Gospels in an endeavor to ascertain what answer Jesus would give to any new moral or religious problem presented in our complex civilization. Following this life habit, I went to the Gospels to learn what Jesus treated as fundamentals, and as the Gospel is a message of divine forgiveness, and this message of divine forgiveness distinguishes Christianity from all other religions, the conditions of forgiveness as Jesus defined them apparently constitute what Jesus regarded as the "fundamentals" of his message of Glad Tidings.

The Pharisees brought him a woman accused of adultery. "Master," said they, "Moses said this woman should be stoned to death. What do you say?" "I say," he replied, "that he that is without sin among you should cast the first stone." There was no one to cast it, and they went away one by one, leaving Jesus and the woman alone. Then Jesus, who had stooped down to write we know not what upon the ground, that he might not witness their humiliation nor hers, lifted himself and spoke to her:

> Woman, where are they? did no man condemn thee?
> No man, Lord.
> Neither do I condemn thee: go thy way; *from henceforth sin no more.*

He required of her no theological opinion. What she believed we do not know. There is nothing to indicate that he knew. His sole fundamental was that she should cease her sin.

Jesus was passing through the city of Jericho—city of priests, city of tax-gatherers. Under the Roman system, the tax-gatherer was necessarily corrupt and an oppressor of the people. Jesus passed by the priests and invited himself to be the guest of a tax-gatherer; and the populace grumbled because "he is gone in to lodge with a man that is a sinner." I wonder what Jesus said to him in that unreported interview. Jesus never told, nor did Zaccheus. But the effect of the message is narrated. Zaccheus promised to restore fourfold to any from whom he had wrongfully exacted aught; and, since he could not undo all the evils of his past life, he would give half of what was left of his ill-gotten wealth to the poor.

What did he believe about the Virgin birth, the deity of Jesus Christ, the authority of the Bible, the sacrificial atonement? We do not know. We do not even know whether he was a Jew or a pagan. We only know that he was resolved to do all in his power to repair the evil produced by his past wrongdoing; and Jesus pronounced him a "son of Abraham." Reparation for the past was one of Christ's fundamentals.

A Pharisee invited Jesus to dine, imagined himself patronizing an itinerant teacher, and did not offer him the ordinary civilities paid to an honored guest. The villagers crowded into the courtyard where the dinner was probably spread, among them a notorious woman of the town, known to the Pharisee as a harlot. Something Jesus said awoke the memories of her lost innocence and a hopeless desire for a better future. Tears welled up to her eyes and dropped upon Christ's naked feet, outstretched in Oriental fashion behind the couch on which he was reclining. She knelt down, took the long tresses of her hair to wipe off these desecrating drops, then, unrebuked, covered the feet with kisses and anointed them with the ointment which she carried in her bosom. The Pharisee, unable to comprehend the beauty of an awakened repentance for the past and a hope for a better future, looked on with a sneer upon his face which interpreted to the sensitive soul of Jesus the unuttered thought within: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner." Jesus, answering the unspoken thought of the Pharisee, and turning to the woman, who now stood trembling and abashed before him, brought back to self-consciousness by his recognition of her involuntary homage, said to Simon:

> Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath wetted my feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair. Thou gavest me no kiss: but she, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but she hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

One fundamental of Christ's teaching is reverencing love for the One whose life and teaching has awakened in the soul the longings for the new life.

Jesus desired one last quiet interview with his friends before his death. He arranged for a meeting around a supper table. In those days of sandaled but unstockinged feet, to wash the feet before sitting down to a meal was accounted as necessary as to wash the hands with us. This office was generally performed by a servant, and it did not occur to either one of the disciples to offer this service to the others. Instead, they fell into an unseemly wrangle how their respective places should be arranged at the table. When it was at last settled and they had taken their places, Jesus rose from his seat, laid off his upper garments, girded himself with a towel in the fashion of a servant, and himself washed and wiped the feet of his disciples. Peter remonstrated:

> *Peter.* Lord, dost thou wash my feet?
> *Jesus.* What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.
> *Peter.* Thou shalt never wash my feet.
> *Jesus.* If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.

One fundamental of Christ's teaching is absolute and unquestioning loyalty to him as Leader and Master on the part of those who enlist in his service.

These incidents must here suffice. The reader may follow the lead thus indicated and study the Gospels to ascertain from other passages what Jesus regarded as the fundamentals of Christianity.[1]

If Christianity is a system of philosophy, then certain doctrines might be regarded as fundamental in that system. But if Christianity is a life, the fundamentals are not understandings by the intellect as to the nature of the Bible, of Christ, and of Sacrifice, but acts of the will, as repentance, love, and loyalty. And if so, the condition of admission to the Church of Christ should not be acceptance of a creed, ancient or modern, simple or complex, but the consecration of the life to the service of God in the service of his children under the leadership of Jesus Christ.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

[1] The enigmatical passage in Matthew xvi. 13–20 can hardly be regarded as indicating that belief in Jesus as Messiah is a "fundamental," since Jesus explicitly charged the disciples "that they should tell no man that he was the Messiah."

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SIMPLICITY, HONESTY, HONOR

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

NOT at Memorial Continental Hall in the city of Washington, but throughout the length and breadth of the country, was held the first session of this Conference of Nations. The thousands who were assembled on Armistice Day at Arlington about the flag-draped bier of the Unknown who had given his life for freedom knew that they were only part of that assemblage of the whole Nation who with them stood in silence, and the uncounted multitude, East and West, North and South, who heard the President's voice in tribute and joined with him in prayer. Nothing that is done here in Washington will be understood unless it is recognized as the fruit of the spirit that pervaded the amphitheater at Arlington and was carried from there to all quarters of the Nation.

As I write the memory of that service and the significance of it are for the time being blotted out from the minds of almost all here by the unprecedented proposal made on behalf of the American Government by Mr. Hughes for the ending of competition in naval armaments. There is no doubt about the colossal effect of that statement. Even those who may later raise questions about it seemed at first to be stunned into acceptance. Already the roar of approval from throughout the country and from peoples of many other lands is beginning to be heard. That response of the peoples to America's plan is, like the plan itself, a product of that same thought that brought the peoples together in their tribute to the Unknown Soldier.

Through the days that preceded the Eleventh of November there was uncertainty as to the course which the American Government was to pursue. Did it really understand the mind of the Nation? There were those who feared that the Government did not understand the people's aversion to war, to the cost of it, the waste of it, the dirt and grime of it, material and moral, the grief of it, and at best its tragedy. There were those who wondered whether the Government would keep in mind the patriotism of the people, their willingness for their country's sake to pay the price and to let, if need be, the tragedy overwhelm them. There were those who had so often heard words without deeds, lofty aims expressed without any corresponding action, that they were skeptical as to the practical outcome of another conference. There were those who remembered so well the secret conversations, the lack of candor, the shiftiness of the sordid, and the equal shiftiness of the unstable and vague doctrinaire, that they lacked faith in the possibility of any definite and lasting conclusion. And yet during the days immediately preceding the Conference there was a general and growing hope. This may possibly have been due to the assurances repeatedly made by unquestioned authority that there was already in hand a practical and definite proposal for consideration, and that the conclusions—more than that, the proposals—and even the discussions, of the Conference would be attended with an unexpected degree of publicity. More reassuring even than those statements was the evident fact that there were no preliminary concealed conversations going on between the representatives of the nations, that there was to be, as it was stated, "no conference before the Conference." The importunity of newspaper men, whose business it is to learn and make public all that they legitimately can, beat against a Government that was adamant in its purpose to treat all on even terms and to start not before the beginning but at the beginning, and at the same time, open and frank concerning all that could be made known.

And this growing hope has thus far been amply justified. The facilities afforded to the press of the world, represented by several hundred correspondents, are as nearly complete as normal human foresight could make them. Concerning this aspect of the Conference I hope to have something to say at another time. The candor with which the American Government has approached this Conference is known now to all the world by the frank and specific proposal it made at its first opportunity. But what is still more significant, if possible, is the fact that the Government has shown that it has understood the mind of the people in its two apparently conflicting phases—its aversion to war and its acceptance of loyalty to country even to the ultimate sacrifice. And it is here that is found the significance of the observance of Armistice Day.

Two days before that, the Olympia, famous as Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila, had brought the body of the soldier, chosen by lot among the unknown dead in France, to the Navy Yard. The day was cloudy and chill. A mistlike rain subdued alike the outward aspect of buildings and streets and the inward feelings of the people who lined the way. As I passed a small frame house I turned at the sound of the opening of a window sash. There, across a narrow stretch of grass, at a window stood the slight figure of an old woman.

"What all is going on here?" she asked. "I've been alone here in the house, sick; and I've seen the people passing and I've wondered what all is going on."

"The people," I told her, "are gathering to greet the body of an Unknown Soldier."

That seemed to satisfy her, and she closed the window. But my own answer set me wondering. These are the very people that, we are told, and we know, hate war. And yet would they have gathered to greet the body of one who had died in the mine to give them coal? or on the railway to bring them food? or on a building to give them shelter? or in a factory to clothe them? These people who hate war gather to honor a soldier. It has always been so. It always will be so. And then I stood in the crowd as the procession passed. It was cavalrymen, with their swords rattling against their horses' flanks, who accompanied the Unknown Dead. It was a gun carriage on which rested the bier. Later I stood with the crowd in the broad open space before the eastern front of the Capitol, and there I watched the flag-draped bier as it was carried up the long flight of steps into the rotunda. And again those who bore it were soldiers, men chosen because of their valor and success in battle. The next afternoon, the eve of Armistice Day, I joined the long line of those who by thousands from early morning till late at night quietly passed the Unknown Soldier's resting-place under the Capitol's great dome. And there at the head and at each corner of the bier stood a soldier.

Not long after the autumnal dawn on Armistice Day, a procession started from the Capitol. Again there were soldiers; and after the bier walked two men, one the President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and beside him the Commanding General, and in their train two other men, one a former President and Commander-in-Chief, afoot, and in a carriage the man who had been the Commander-in-Chief of the Unknown Soldier himself.

A few hours later I stood on the open space above the columns that surround the austerely beautiful marble amphitheater at Arlington. The level space below was filled with a multitude; olive drab in the center, where hundreds of soldiers stood, the greenish-brown color relieved by the rich colors of the feathered war bonnets of five Indian chiefs. And in front was the lofty arch which roofed the place where stood the President and others of high distinction from many nations. And before them rested, as it were, on a mound of flowers the body of the Unknown incased, and covered with the Nation's colors and with floral wreaths. There, by a ceremony as beautiful and austere as the structure, those within and the many thousands gathered on the grass outside, bore their witness to the honor in which they held, not only this Unknown Soldier, but all the known and unknown soldier dead. And beyond the crowd, under the trees were the multitude of stones recording the resting-places of thousands who had died in war. And when the ceremony was ended, and the body of the Unknown was committed to the ground, a bugle

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THE TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

International

ARLINGTON—THE HEART OF THE PRESIDENT'S NATION-WIDE AUDIENCE

A general view of the amphitheater in Arlington National Cemetery during President Harding's address over the coffin of the unknown American soldier

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sounded the notes which bid the soldier rest.

These people of America who thus honored their soldiers are the same who hate war. Does their Government understand them? Can it interpret them? Was it right in calling a Conference to limit armaments? If so, did it err in ushering it in with honors paid to a soldier alike by the great commanders of allied forces and by the plain people?

The answer, I think, may be given in the words of President Harding. Before the body of the Unknown he said:

> We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. . . . As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. . . . Perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs. . . . This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of even war for conquest. . . . There have been a thousand defenses justly and patriotically made; a thousand offenses which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed.

And again, standing before the delegates of the Conference, the President reinterpreted the spirit of the people:

> Here is a meeting, I can well believe, which is an earnest of the awakened conscience of twentieth-century civilization. It is not a convention of remorse, nor a session of sorrow. It is not the conference of victors to define terms of settlement. Nor is it a council of nations seeking to remake humankind. It is rather a coming together from all parts of the earth to apply the better attributes of mankind to minimize the faults in our international relationships. . . . All of us demand liberty and justice. Inherent rights are of God, and the tragedies of the world originate in their attempted denial. The world to-day is infringing their enjoyment by arming to defend or deny, when simple sanity calls for their recognition through common understanding. . . . Gentlemen of the Conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve. . . . There can be no cure without sacrifice, not by one of us, but by all of us. I do not mean surrendered rights, or narrowed freedom, or denied aspirations. Our Republic would no more ask for these than it would give. . . . Our hundred millions frankly want less of armament and none of war. Sure in our own minds that we harbor no unworthy designs, we accredit the world with the same good intent. . . . In all simplicity, in all honesty, and all honor, there may be written here the avowals of a world conscience refined by the consuming fires of war, and made more sensitive by the anxious aftermath. I hope for that understanding which will emphasize the guaranties of peace, and for commitments to less burdens and a better order which will tranquilize the world.

It is in the light of this introduction by ceremony and by the words of the President that the statesmanlike proposal of the American Government made by Mr. Hughes before the delegates to the Armament Conference on Saturday, November 12, is to be considered.

The hall in which the delegates assembled in Washington is in marked contrast to the ornate Clock Hall in which the Peace Conference at Paris was held. I noted the colors. There are no gorgeous red hangings, and gilt ornamentation, and sportive cupids in effigy, or profusion of sparkling glass. It is all simple white except for the green of the floor covering and the tabletops, and the mahogany of the hand rail around the balcony and of the backs of the seats. The Memorial Continental Hall belongs to the Daughters of the American Revolution; and it may be considered significant by some that the public sessions of this Conference are held in a building supplied for the purpose by women. But that was not the only contrast between this and the last great Conference. In Paris the room occupied by the delegates and their advisers and assistants was open to no one else; and the representatives of the public, who were limited to the representatives of the press, most of them standing on tables or chairs, peeked through open doorways and over shoulders as best they could. Here the representatives of the press are supplied with seats from which they can see and hear everything; and in the gallery are seated Senators and Representatives, and on the floor are many others who have secured admission.

The great contrast, however, is in the manner in which the Conference has begun. In Paris there were only formal speeches with some discussion as to procedure; but here, no sooner was the Conference organized than Secretary Hughes, speaking as the chief delegate of the United States, definitely and explicitly stated the policy of the Nation on one of the two chief subjects to be discussed and settled.

Of the fact that the United States would offer its programme for the limitation of armaments the delegates had been apprised, but that it would offer it publicly at the first session and in such explicit terms no one had anticipated. I do not believe that a half-dozen men even in the United States Navy knew in advance the terms of the proposal. It was as dramatic as it was statesmanlike.

First, what it is not:

It is *not* a proposal of disarmament.

It is *not* a proposal to settle the question of armament first before the question of policy in the Far East.

It is *not* a proposal primarily to reduce armament.

Now as to what it is:

It is a proposal so to limit naval armaments as to stop the ruinous competition in producing them.

It is a proposal to consider the question of armaments at the same time with the question of policy in the Far East.

It is a proposal to Britain and Japan alone, and therefore is subject to a later addition.

It is a proposal to these two nations to join in a common sacrifice of plans already made.

It is a proposal for very definite and specific action.

It is a proposal to scrap sixty-six capital fighting ships, with a total tonnage of 1,878,043 (nearly two million).

It is a proposal to stop building new ships except according to a definite plan mutually agreed upon.

It is a proposal that—

> America scrap six battle-cruisers and seven battleships on the ways and building and two battleships launched and all old battleships up to, but not including, the Delaware and North Dakota.
>
> Great Britain stop building four new battleships and scrap nineteen capital ships (some already scrapped) up to, but not including, the King George class.
>
> Japan abandon its plan to build four new battleships and four battle-cruisers and scrap three battleships partly built (one launched) and the material for four other battle-cruisers, and all old battleships up to, but not including, the Settsu.

If the plan is accepted, the capital ships of the three nations will be as follows:

United States	Great Britain	Japan
Maryland, 1921	Royal Sovereign	Nagato, 1920
California, 1921	Royal Oak	Hinga, 1917
Tennessee, 1921	Resolution	Ise, 1917
Idaho, 1919	Ramillies, 1917	Yamashino, 1918
Mississippi, 1917	Revenge	Fu-So
New Mexico, 1918	Queen Elizabeth	Settsu
Arizona	Warspite	Kirishima
Pennsylvania	Valiant	Haruna
Oklahoma	Barham	Hi-Yei
Nevada	Malaya	Kongo
Texas	Benbow	
New York	Emperor of India	
Arkansas	Iron Duke	
Wyoming	Marlborough	
Utah	Erin	
Florida	King George V.	
North Dakota	Centurion	
Delaware	Ajax	
	Hood, 1917	
	Renown	
	Repulse	
	Tiger	

NOTE.—The modern ships are indicated by the dates when they were completed.

The proposal includes a limitation of certain other armament, such as light cruisers and submarines.

This plan proves America's good faith, for she proposes to make a greater sacrifice than the others. It obviously puts the number of our capital ships below England's (though there is some compensation in the fact that some of our ships are more modern than any of hers and ultimately through replacements her tonnage and ours would become the same). It reduces somewhat our superiority over Japan because every reduction in offensive power leaves each nation stronger in home waters, and it is in Japan's home waters that some of our possessions lie. It deprives us of all battle-cruisers, while leaving England with six and Japan with four—a most important consideration in the view of many naval authorities, especially as affecting conditions in the Pacific. Most important of all, it is on America's part a voluntary relinquishment of a race in which, if we chose, we could certainly win; for our resources can stand the

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strain of a race in building navies much better than any other Powers. We thus prove by tangible guaranties that we wish peace and friendship.

This act of America's is a proof of itself that the central question here is not of armament but of policy, not of ships but of purpose. It is a nation's will that counts; its arms are but the means to carry that will out. Naval men themselves are the readiest to recognize that fact. "It is absurd and useless to build warships except for definite purposes," says Lieutenant T. B. Kittredge, who was formerly archivist and statistician in the United States Naval War College, and in his book "Naval Lessons of the Great War" he continues: "These purposes can only be determined by a consideration of the use to which the navy would be put. This, in turn, depends upon international relations."

This armament question, therefore, overshadowing as it appears to be now, is not the chief question here, but rather what these nations here want of one another, how they propose to get along with one another, how they plan to deal with one another. And, as these nations are neighbors by virtue of their interests and possessions in Asia and in the Pacific, the vital question here still remains the question of the Far East.

Why, then, did the Government put this armament plan first on the programme? I am not authorized to say, but I can infer the reason from the effect that placing it first was bound to have.

First, it is an obvious proof of America's sincerity, of the fact that, as the President said, we harbor no fears and have no sordid ends to serve.

Second, it places behind the Conference the support of public opinion necessary to its success, that moral force that is the only ultimate sanction which will carry any plan through.

Third, it focuses attention on a simple plan that everybody can understand and lets the more important but more complicated question of the Far East subside into temporary obscurity where it can be discussed with least danger of friction.

Fourth, and perhaps most important of all, it starts the Conference not with a theory, or a doctrine about some future organization or league or association or entente or consortium, but with a present concrete fact. An attempt was made at Paris to let the facts wait upon a theory; here the theories have been left to wait upon the facts.

At the first session of the Conference Mr. Balfour, the Chief of the British delegation, chose three words from President Harding's speech to stand as the motto for the nations deliberating here—Simplicity, Honesty, Honor. There are some observers here who, experienced in following the negotiations of diplomats, are disposed to be cynical and to attribute to the diplomats here no purpose but to play a deep and foxy game. I think there is ground for a less theatrical, less romantic, more human view. While I believe the delegates here value astuteness, I think they are men much like other men, capable of recognizing what is simple, honest, and honorable, and sensitive to the spirit of their peoples, who are more than ever impatient of subtleties and pretenses and more than ever insistent that their Governments shall serve their real welfare. The beginning of this Conference has given good reason to believe that simplicity, honesty, and honor are to be more highly valued and more characteristic of the proceedings here than in any former council of nations.

REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS AND INTERNATIONAL GUARANTIES

BY OWEN STREET

THE note of which the following is a part was handed by Count Mouravieff, the Russian Foreign Minister, to all the foreign representatives at the Court of St. Petersburg on August 12, 1898:

> In conviction that this lofty object agrees entirely with the most essential interests and the most rightful desires of all the Powers, the Imperial Government believes that the present time is very favorable for seeking, through the method of an international conference, the most effective means of assuring to all nations the benefits of a real and lasting peace, and of placing before all the question of ending the progressive development of existing armaments. . . . Impressed with this sentiment, his Majesty the Emperor has deigned to command me to propose to all the Governments who have duly accredited representatives at the Imperial Court the holding of a conference to consider this grave problem.

This note marked the first great movement of modern times to reduce the oppressive burden of increasing armaments. That the initiative was taken by the head of what was at that time the most autocratic and despotic Government of Europe to insure to his people peace and a lightening of the heavy expense of armament, while the heads of the present Russian Government, who call themselves proletarian dictators and pretend to represent completely the common people, are straining every nerve to augment their army through conscription and increase its power of destruction, is significant of the vicissitudes of human life.

The result of the Czar's circular note was an international conference which was held the following year at The Hague. Although the prime purpose of the Conference was to come to an agreement on limitation of armaments, this objective soon fell into the background and nothing was done about it. The report made to the Secretary of State, July 3, 1899, by the American delegates gives the attitude of the Conference on the armament question:

> While much interest was shown in the discussions of the first great committee of the Conference, and still more in those of the second, the main interest of the whole body centered more and more in the third. It was felt that a provision for arbitration and its cognate subjects is the logical precursor of the limitation of standing armies and budgets, and that the true logical order is first arbitration and then disarmament.

Since the First Hague Conference nothing of practical effect has so far been accomplished in the cutting down of armaments. At last, however, it would appear that the world has learned a lesson through the sufferings of the most devastating war in history. There is now an almost universal demand for definite action in this regard, the actuating motives being a desire to reduce national expenditure and a hope to diminish the likelihood of war. Although the first motive is probably the most pressing one in the popular mind, it is the second which is the most vitally important, and, as the accomplishment of the second purpose will likewise bring about the consummation of the first, we need only consider the matter from the standpoint of international peace.

A realization of the importance of reduced armaments as related to the peacefulness of the world caused the framers of the Peace Treaty to include a provision for it in the form of Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. This article, although leaving the matter of details to be settled by the Council of the League of Nations, recognizes the principle that such limitation can be made only in accordance with the safety and special conditions surrounding each nation concerned. This fundamental doctrine is laid down as follows:

> The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.
>
> The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several Governments. . . .
>
> The members of the League undertake to interchange full and frank in-

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formation as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval, and air programmes, and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes.

Although the Council of the League has so far accomplished nothing in the direction of disarmament, the importance of this provision in the Covenant is the recognition by the Great Powers of the fact that each nation must really decide what reductions it can make in view of its individual problems, and to arrive at that end each nation must enter the discussion in a spirit of free and frank co-operation, and, as a corollary, that, because of the essential difference in these national problems, armaments when reduced can no more be equal than they are under the present régime of expanded armaments. Another fundamental principle enunciated is that sufficient forces must be maintained to enforce international obligations where necessary through common action; and to this must be added that sufficient force must be held by each nation to insure its internal peace.

With these principles as a basis, the Conference called by President Harding will have to examine into the individual problems of each of the six Powers taking part, and by frank discussion, compromise, and co-operation arrive at a point where the movement can be started toward the ultimate goal of world peace. It is not the purpose here to deal with the military features of this question; they are entirely a matter of detail which must be settled by the discussion of military experts after the fundamental political problems have been solved.

Let us enumerate briefly the main international problem of each of the great Powers who are to take part, and then pick from them those which are most likely to lead to international conflict, and examine the most practical method of insuring against such conflict.

Of the six Powers invited to confer, five—the United States, Great Britain, France, Japan, and Italy—hold absolutely the preponderance of the world's military power, and with it the ability to enforce regulations governing intercourse between the members of the Society of Nations. Therefore it is essential that any action toward bringing a régime of peace to the world must be initiated by these five nations, and it is also essential that at least the most powerful three of these five come to a complete accord and give reciprocal and positive guaranties of unity of purpose in order that such a régime may be truly effective. China occupies a peculiar situation in that she cannot be classed as one of the Great Powers from a military standpoint. She has been bidden to the Conference because of her importance as a Far Eastern nation, and because the settlement of Far Eastern questions is considered as an essential part of a programme for limited armaments. In view of these facts it will be necessary to take into consideration the political situation of only the five Great Powers.

The following may be considered the outstanding factors in the international policies of each:

United States:

1. The safeguarding of the Monroe Doctrine.
2. The maintenance of equal opportunity or the "Open Door" in China and those territories liberated from the sway of the Central Powers as a result of the war.

Great Britain:

1. The assurance of open sea lanes to the British Isles, so that supplies for the population cannot be cut off.
2. Safeguarding the component parts of the Empire.
3. Protection of her world-wide commerce.

France:

Assurance against German aggression and revenge.

Japan:

Assurance of her free economic expansion in the Far East, according to the requirements of her national policy.

Italy:

Assurance of her economic expansion in the Adriatic, Ægean, and Mediterranean according to her national policy.

We will now examine each one of these policies in turn, and see which of them are danger spots in the peaceful equilibrium of the world and must therefore receive special provision in any plan for international restriction of armaments.

United States:

1. The Monroe Doctrine has been a factor in the foreign policy of the United States for nearly a century, and has so far not been the cause of war. As it is political in its scope, insuring only the *status quo* as regards existing governments and territories in this hemisphere, it in no way hinders the economic expansion of other nations. It may therefore be considered as unlikely to cause war and no real obstacle to reduction of armaments.

2. The principle of the "Open Door" or equal opportunity is so eminently just and unselfish that it should in no case lead to war unless it should run counter to the policy of some other nation which, because it is seeking exclusive advantages in territories outside its own jurisdiction, may be described as unjust and selfish. At the present time the United States has at issue under this principle the questions of Mesopotamia with Great Britain and France, of international cables with all the four Great Powers, and of the island of Yap with Japan. The last question is the only one in which an uncompromising stand has apparently been assumed by any of these nations.

Great Britain:

1. It is generally recognized as essential to the very existence of the people of the British Isles that sea communications be assured them; therefore this policy is merely the right of self-preservation, and is not dangerous to world peace.

2. That the different parts of the Empire should be assured protection is recognized as essential to its integrity, and therefore this policy cannot be considered an obstacle to reduction of armaments.

3. Protection of her commerce is also a justifiable national right, and cannot be considered as a menace to the safety and growth of other nations.

France:

The outstanding motive in French foreign policy is the building up of protection against the future when a regenerated and powerful Germany will again be a significant factor in European politics. That no true regret for commencing the war has ever been expressed by the German people, that they have tried by all kinds of subterfuges to avoid their just obligations under the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Peace, and, lastly, their conduct of the trials of German war criminals may be interpreted as a rather ominous sign of their attitude in the future when they will again have become a strong nation. Here we have indeed a situation which may lead to war, and consequently against which special provision must be made in any plan for reduced armaments.

Japan:

Certainly every nation has a right to free economic expansion, provided that it does not try to obtain that expansion at the expense of the rights of other nations. The Japanese, like the English, have been confronted with the problem of a large and growing population confined to the restricted territory of a few islands. In consequence the Japanese have expanded and acquired large areas in Formosa, Korea, and Saghalien. That they are not satisfied and wish more territory under their political control has been proved by their attitude in regard to Shantung and Manchuria, their Twenty-one Demands on China when the rest of the world was at war, and their continued occupation of Siberia. For the Japanese to claim that their attitude toward China and Siberia is the same as that of the United States toward Latin America has not been borne out by their actions. The United States has never made an attempt in Latin America to gain control of a foreign government as Japan has done in the Far East with regard to China. The United States has never used the Monroe Doctrine to obtain exclusive economic advantages over territories belonging to other peoples, as Japan has done and is doing in Shantung, Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchuria. The "Open Door" in the Far East is the concern not only of the United States but of all the other Great Powers, and especially of Great Britain and France. Therefore in the degree that Japan runs counter to this principle is she a danger to international peace, which must have special consideration in any agreement on limited armaments.

Italy:

As a result of the territorial settlements of the war, Italia Irridenta has become a thing of the past. The

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Italian people, however, have certain aspirations for expansion along the shores and among the islands washed by the three seas bordering the coasts of Italy. These aspirations are the cause of and are caused by jealousies between Italy and Jugoslavia and Greece. These are minor Powers, however, and there is too much dissension between them and the various states of the Balkans for them to become a real menace to Italy, particularly in view of the moral prestige she has as a member of the Big Five group.

Thus of the principal foreign policies of the five Great Powers we see that there are only two which really endanger international peace and are therefore an obstacle in the way of reduced armaments. They are:

1. The future menace of Germany to the safety of France.
2. Japan's policy of acquiring exclusive economic advantages through political control in China and Siberia.

In addition to these there is another factor of the greatest importance in the political situation of the world, and one which bears a menace to its peace—the situation in Russia and the world-wide revolutionary propaganda of the Bolsheviki. Let us now consider the most effective means of insuring against the outbreak of international war from these three danger spots—means which will at the same time permit of a progressive curtailment of armaments, thus diminishing the likelihood of war and lightening the financial burdens of the world.

On June 28, 1919, there was signed at Versailles a treaty between the United States and France and a treaty between Great Britain and France by which these two nations agreed to come to the aid of France in case she should be the subject of an unprovoked attack by Germany. The two treaties were so worded that each could come into force only on the ratification of the other. The British treaty has been ratified by the House of Commons, but the American treaty was rejected by the Senate; therefore France is left without this guaranty of protection. As a consequence, France is obliged to maintain a large standing army, a great part of which she keeps on German soil. At a time when France needs every ounce of human energy to recover from the destruction of the war she must maintain at least eight hundred thousand men under arms—eight hundred thousand men who consume but do not produce. The German population is nearly twice that of the population of France; therefore the only hope of France for the future is to try to keep Germany weak and to build around her a ring of defensive alliances such as she has or hopes to have with Poland, the Little Entente, Hungary, Belgium, and eventually with Russia. It is easy to see that with her enormously greater population, which is continually increasing while that of France is decreasing, her great industrial and commercial energy, and her deep feeling of hatred and revenge, Germany will as the years go by become, not only a greater menace, but a positive danger to the safety of France, and therefore to the peace of Europe and the world.

If we face the facts squarely, we realize that there is a definite possibility of the same danger a generation hence as that which overwhelmed Europe in August, 1914. There are only two ways by which this danger may be avoided: either by a complete change in the national sentiments and aspirations of the German people, or by effectual guaranties by the Great Powers to go to the aid of France in case she is attacked. Certainly neither the conduct of the Germans before the peace nor afterward has given anybody a right to believe that there is likelihood of a fundamental change in the Teutonic character. Therefore this way of avoiding a future German attack may be considered as a highly problematical and indefinite factor, while the treaties of guaranty offer a very positive and definite factor in avoiding such a danger. It is safe to assume that if such guaranties had existed in 1914 between France, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States the Serbian trouble would have remained entirely a local affair.

Since the wise pronouncements of George Washington regarding entangling foreign alliances it has been our policy to remain aloof. We were so strongly imbued with the far-sightedness of this great principle that we remained aloof from the war for nearly three years in spite of repeated insults and aggressions on the part of Germany. At last we were forced to go in if we would continue to claim any self-respect and national honor. The same fundamental reasons that drew us into a European war in 1917 exist to-day in Europe, and in every other part of the world where war between great nations is possible. Therefore, if we believe in doing away with international war, we must support our belief by our influence backed by our force.

The American people rejected Article 10 of the League of Nations because they felt that it held them liable to participation in a war in which they had no vital interest. To guarantee France against Germany can by no means be put in the same category as Article 10; because it is definite, because we know that if on account of it we are called on to fight we will be fighting in a war which is of vital interest to us. It is not the balance of power by which peace is assured, as the history of the world has repeatedly proved, but the over-balance, the preponderance of power so long as those possessing this preponderance of power believe in peace and uphold it. This is the fundamental truth on which our National, State, and county governments rest, that the preponderance of power lies on the side of those who believe in peace and have agreed to enforce it. By reason of this mutual guaranty of peace-loving citizens we are enabled to go around unarmed with faith in our security. Our police force is effective because it stands for peace and is backed by the alliance of the majority of the population.

The principles which govern human relations within nations govern to a greater degree the human relations between nations. To insure peace between nations by international alliances does not preclude a reduction of armaments; on the contrary, it allows of an even greater reduction than if no such alliance existed. Therefore to obtain most effective assurance against war springing from the three danger spots previously indicated they should be provided for on the principle of international guaranties.

The guaranty of peace between France and Germany has already been provided for, and awaits only the action of the United States. With regard to the Far East, China and Siberia are somewhat in the position of France—they should be guaranteed against aggression. Siberia should be regarded in the light of a trust to be guarded by the Great Powers until Russia can again take her place among them and protect her own dominions. It should be possible for Japan to see the justice of this principle and that it is for her best interest to enter freely with the other Great Powers in guaranteeing the principle of equal opportunity in the Far East. She has already realized the truth of this principle in finally entering the Chinese Banking Consortium on the same terms as the United States, Great Britain, and France. Details of such an agreement can be arranged by negotiation in such a way as to accord Japan full justice in the light of her geographical position and the money she has invested.

As regards Russia, it is not armed aggression that the Powers need to combine against so much as the subtle poison of revolutionary propaganda. Probably the best way to meet it is by a counter-propaganda, a propaganda which will enlighten the great mass of the population as to the true viciousness of the so-called proletariat Government, which is draining away the life of the Russian nation.

The participants in the First Hague Conference recognized that in order to make a limitation of armaments effectual there must be faith, and that in order to have faith there must be provision for the settlement of disputes between nations by means of arbitration. There has long been an International Tribunal at The Hague, but now it is proposed by the League of Nations to establish an International Court of Justice which will have greater scope and power than the Hague Tribunal. With the assurance of mutual guaranties and a court of justice for adjudicating international quarrels, it should be possible for the Great Powers to start the progressive reduction of armaments, and thus diminish the likelihood of war in the world.

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PORTRAIT

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

HER hair like shredded brass
Is piled in a cool mass;
Her face is cut from stone—
The warmth it will not own
A while unguarded glows
In her dark eyes' repose.
Hands whose touch has stilled
The strong and somber-willed
Lie curving, jewel-free,
Lightly upon her knee.
She smiles, whose thoughts are far . . .
I know not where they are.

What passionate word can stir
The cold, cold heart of her? . . .

POLITICS AND PARTIES IN CANADA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM D. M. LE BOURDAIS

THREE major political parties and several lesser groups are busy at the present time, from Halifax to Victoria, and as far north as Dawson City, placing candidates in the field to contest the 235 parliamentary seats at the general elections which will be held in Canada on December 6.

It will be remembered that Arthur Meighen, previously Minister of the Interior in the Borden Government, succeeded to the Premiership in July, 1920, and expressed his intention to hold together the remnants of the Union Government of 1917 until the end of its legal term in 1923. Continued defections, principally upon the part of members representing western constituencies, and the loss of many important by-elections in the interim have forced Mr. Meighen to alter his purpose and risk the chance of failure at the polls rather than defeat on the floor of Parliament.

The split in the Liberal party on the conscription issue in 1917 and the subsequent formation of a Union Government comprising the former Conservative following and the seceding Liberals reduced the Liberal party in Parliament to a mere handful, save for the solid block of sixty members which were returned from the province of Quebec.

Previous to 1917 there had been but the two parties—Conservative and Liberal. The former had been in office since 1911, and the latter for the fifteen years previous to that date. In those days the decline of one party naturally resulted in the ascendency of the other. But to-day, while the Conservative (Unionist) party is barely able to command a majority in the House of Commons, the Liberal following is hardly any greater than it was in 1917.

The difference between conditions to-day and previous to 1917 is to be found in the presence of a third party, known as the National Progressive party.

This new party represents a crystallization of the dissatisfaction which a large number of the Canadian people have felt for some time past in regard to both the historic political parties. This movement had its origin on the prairies among the organized farmers, who are opposed to the protectionist policy which both the old parties have adhered to for the past forty years. They advocate reciprocal trade with the United States and an increase in the preference accorded to goods imported from Britain, besides a number of somewhat radical political and social reforms.

Subsequent to the announcement that the elections would be held Mr. Meighen reorganized his Cabinet. Eleven new Ministers were sworn in, filling vacancies which had existed for some time.

Mr. Meighen is basing his campaign upon the protective tariff. The Liberal platform contains reciprocity and lower tariff planks, and Mr. Meighen in his speeches is warning the electors that a Liberal success would mean a lowering of the tariff walls and consequent destruction of Canadian industries through American competition. The same arguments he uses against the National Progressives, with the additional charge that they are a class organization, and, if successful, would subject Canada to a régime of agrarian domination. The Liberals are laying stress upon what Mr. Mackenzie King, the Liberal leader, calls the autocratic and plutocratic nature of the Government. He denies that his party has any intention of bringing about free trade, but insists upon the need for tariff revision. Tariff for revenue only is the slogan of the Liberal party.

Regarding the tariff, Mr. Crerar, the leader of the National Progressives, said in the opening speech of his campaign:

> We stand opposed to the principle of protection as being neither sound economically nor right morally. Our policy on the tariff is development of the natural resources, of agriculture, of the forest, and of mining. These are the real industries. If we put them in a healthy, vital condition, our country will prosper.

In answer to Mr. Meighen's charge that the National Progressive party is a class organization, Mr. Crerar went on to say:

> I detest class legislation. I detest class movements. We have had too much of it in the last forty years. One of the healthiest aspirations of the Progressive movement is to get away from class legislation. Out of the farmers' movement has grown a new ideal in public life.

Whatever the result of the ensuing elections, it is doubtful if the many pressing problems which face the Canadian people will find a solution. There is no definite public opinion in the country to-day. Each community looks at public questions from the angle of its own immediate best interests. Thus Cabinet Ministers, with very few exceptions, may nearly always count upon election—no matter how unpopular the Government may be—by holding out the hope that some advantage will accrue to the particular constituency which they represent. The manufacturing cities in the east are protectionist; and the farmers of the west, who have to sell their produce in the markets of the world, are free-traders. There is as yet no strongly defined national sentiment to which people in all parts of the Dominion subscribe.

At best, the period immediately following the elections will be one of transition and readjustment. There are no great leaders like Sir John A. Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier to give the people a definite lead towards a higher national ideal. There is yet none big enough to cause the various sections to sink their differences for the common good. That the stress and turmoil through which the Dominion must pass before anything like stable political conditions are possible will develop or produce such a man, and also a public conscience capable of appreciating him, is for the Canadian people perhaps their brightest hope.

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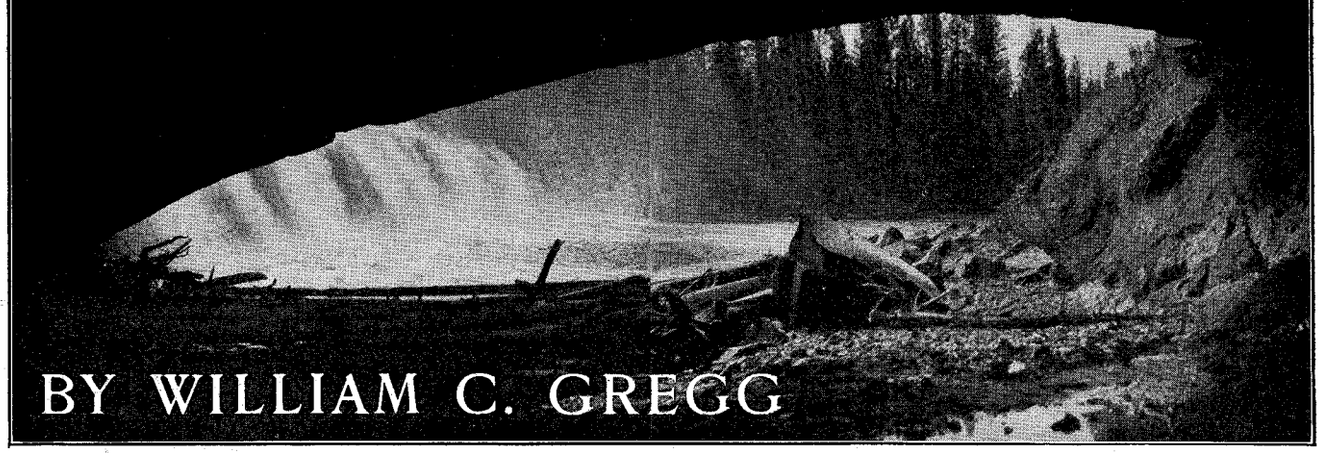
THE CASCADE CORNER OF YELLOWSTONE PARK



BY WILLIAM C. GREGG

View of Cave Falls, Falls River, taken from inside of falls

EXAMINE the remote areas of that Wonderland which we call Yellowstone Park and you will ask yourself if men are not often guided by a Power outside of themselves. For those areas of the park contain divine beauties of which the men who fixed the limits of the park had no knowledge whatever. They very properly put a rim around the geysers, canyons, and mammoth hot springs. For the last fifty years people have been examining that rim, and every year some new beauty spot or strange form of nature is brought to light that has evidently been tucked away by the Almighty, to be some day a glad surprise to his children.

1920 put on record dozens of falls and cascades in the southwest corner before unknown.

1921 has added more notable features in the same area.

Every once in a while some one sees a way to make money out of a National Park, and pretty soon a bill appears in Congress purporting to benefit humanity greatly, and, incidentally, allowing a group of men to take control over certain park areas.

Eight thousand acres of the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park were wanted for a storage reservoir by certain Idaho irrigation interests. The bill got through the Senate without discussion, but was held up in the House of Representatives by some people, who first wanted to know, you know! what kind of a corner it was, anyway. Those who went in there in 1920—and it wasn't hard to do at all—found more falls and cascades than in all the known parts of the park put together. They found a campers' paradise right where the reservoir was to be placed, with beautiful woods, meadows, and trout streams. They thought Idaho, which was very close, had a much larger financial interest in the opening up of an entrance—an Idaho entrance—into the park through this beautiful region than in water storage for irrigation. Why couldn't they have both? Because the covering of eight thousand acres with water would cut off a roadway, and when the reservoir water was drawn off in the crop season (July and August) ugly mud flats and dead trees would make a ghastly stain on that region and prevent its being used by the American people for their education and enjoyment. Happily, the protest was so general and emphatic that the bill died in the last Congress, and has small chance of being resurrected again.

"HOLD-UP BILL"

A Park bear that holds up autos for refreshments

The Idaho people themselves are partly responsible for this. When they learned the facts, many men and women already using irrigation water for their farms could see a larger market, at higher prices, if they could boom the tourist business. They already have a large irrigation water supply outside the park, and can get more if and when needed.

I am showing on these pages photographs of some notable falls in this small corner which never faced a camera before the summer of 1921, and a few others which had their first pictures taken by me in 1920.

We have heard a lot of folderol in recent years about social uplift. The word "idealism" sometimes makes us sick. Half-baked thinkers from half-civilized lands are trying to tell mankind how to create an earthly paradise. But the good old United States, without brag or bloodshed, has been gradually developing a better way. We have much liberty and equality, we have distributed our lands mainly among the thrifty poor.

Out of our public domain the people have created National Parks here and there. The fruits of Western civilization are a great distribution of the necessities of life. The flowers are our public schools and colleges, our libraries and hospitals, but perhaps greater than all are our parks—city, State, and Na-

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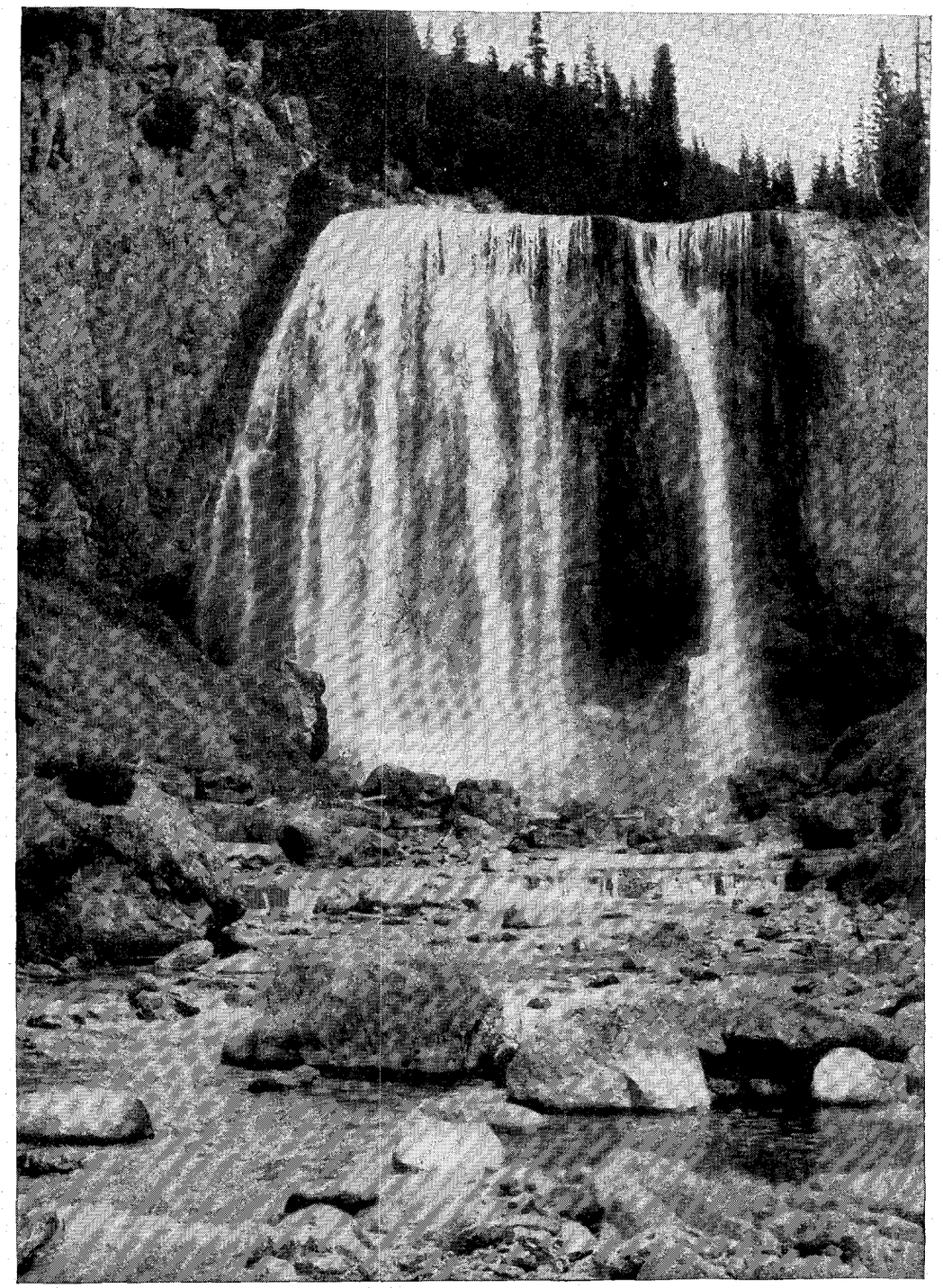

(C) Wm. C. Gregg, 1921

Few human beings have looked on this fall, which for centuries has shown its beauties only to its Creator and his dumb creatures. The fall is something over one hundred feet. It must not longer remain nameless

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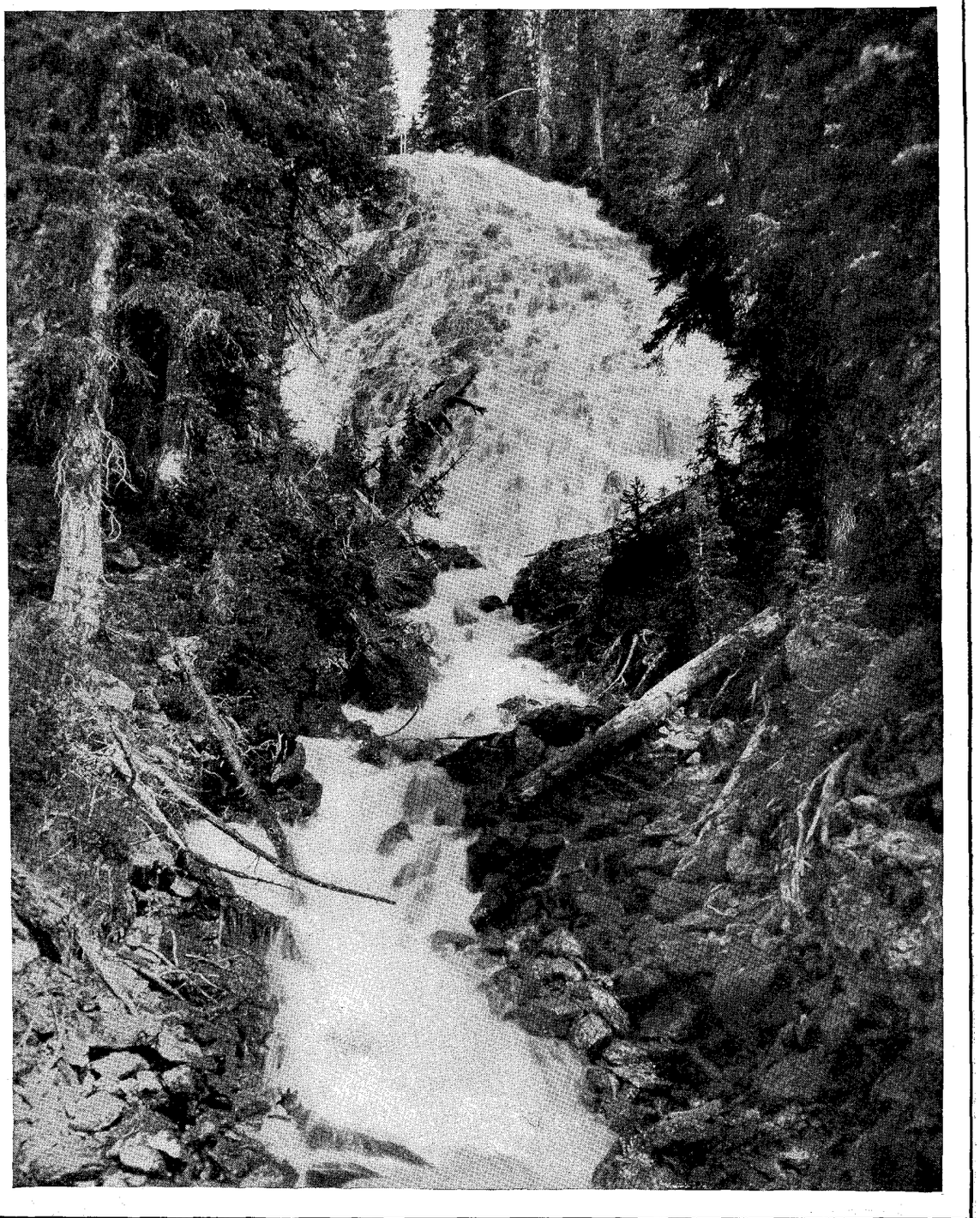

(C) Haynes, St. Paul

This cascade has a perpendicular fall of about two hundred and fifty feet. It is only a stone's throw from Batchelder Column. At its base stands a splendid spruce grove open and delightful for camping. We who saw it ran out of adjectives. Can you name it?

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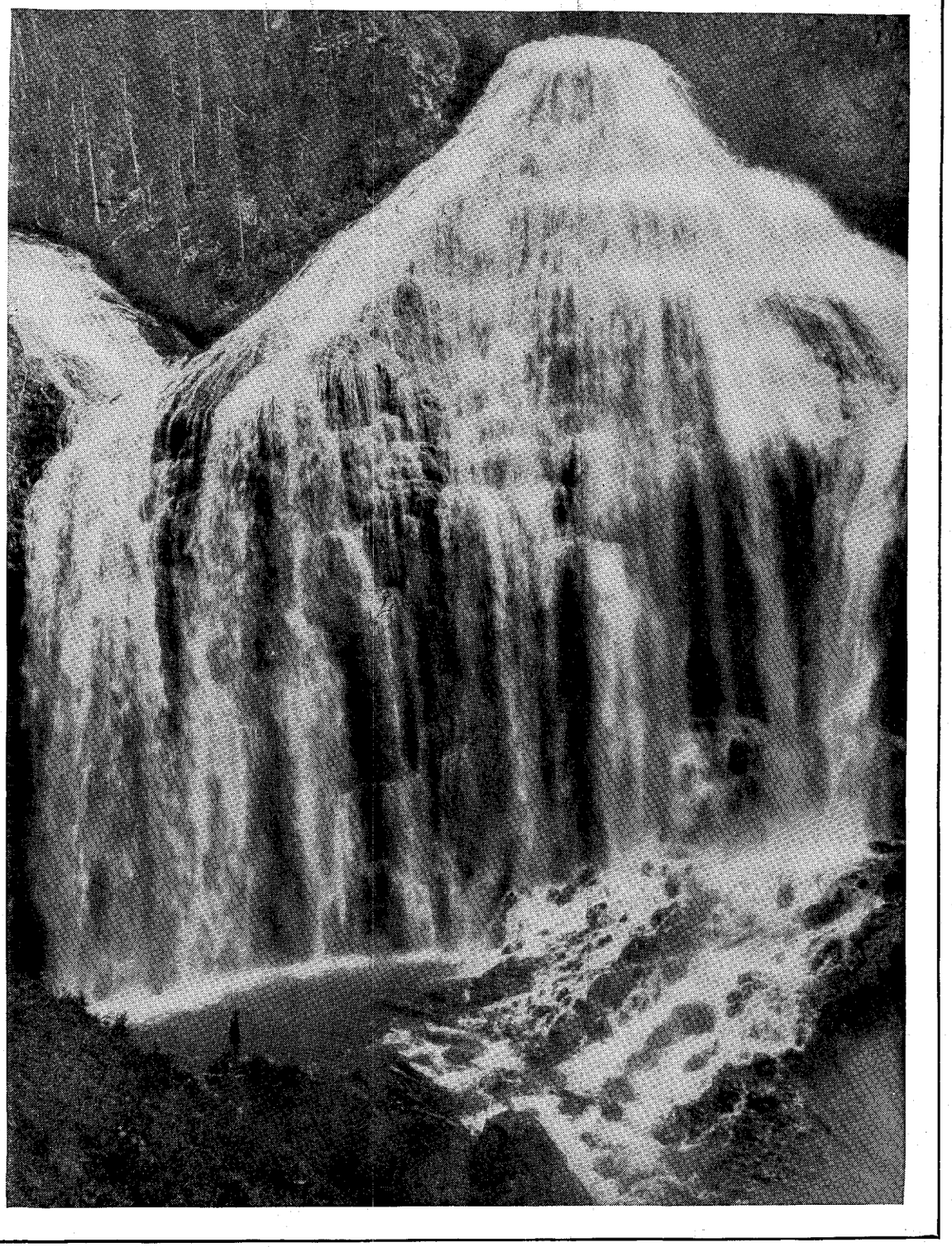

(C) Wm. C. Gregg, 1921

Can you imagine the thoughts of our party (Colonel Birdseye, Raymond Little, Glen Smith, and the writer) when we first looked on this spectacle? It was marked on the map in 1884—we found the date of the visit carved on a tree—but neither before nor since have others seen it, or, if they have, they have successfully suppressed the fact. It was named by the mapmaker. It would be interesting to know what you would have done in his place. Note Colonel Birdseye fishing

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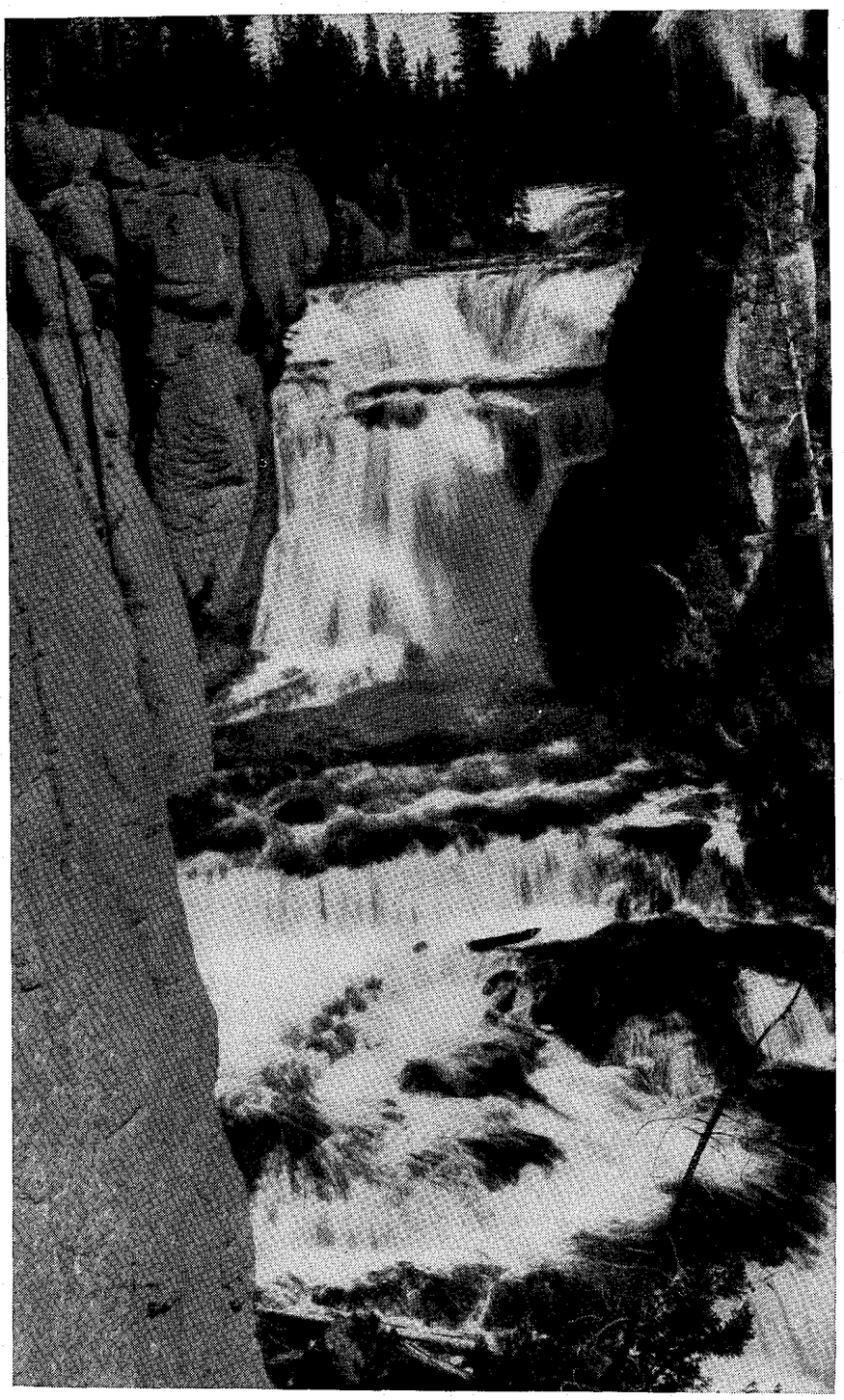

(C) Wm. C. Gregg, 1921

Our party was within one mile of this great sight last year, but did not know it. It remained for the park Superintendent, Horace M. Allright, who followed a month later, to make its beauties known. The first photograph, however, was not made until this year, by the Boston Expedition, composed of Frederick Law Olmsted, Desmond Fitzgerald, H. P. Kelsey, and Herbert Gleason

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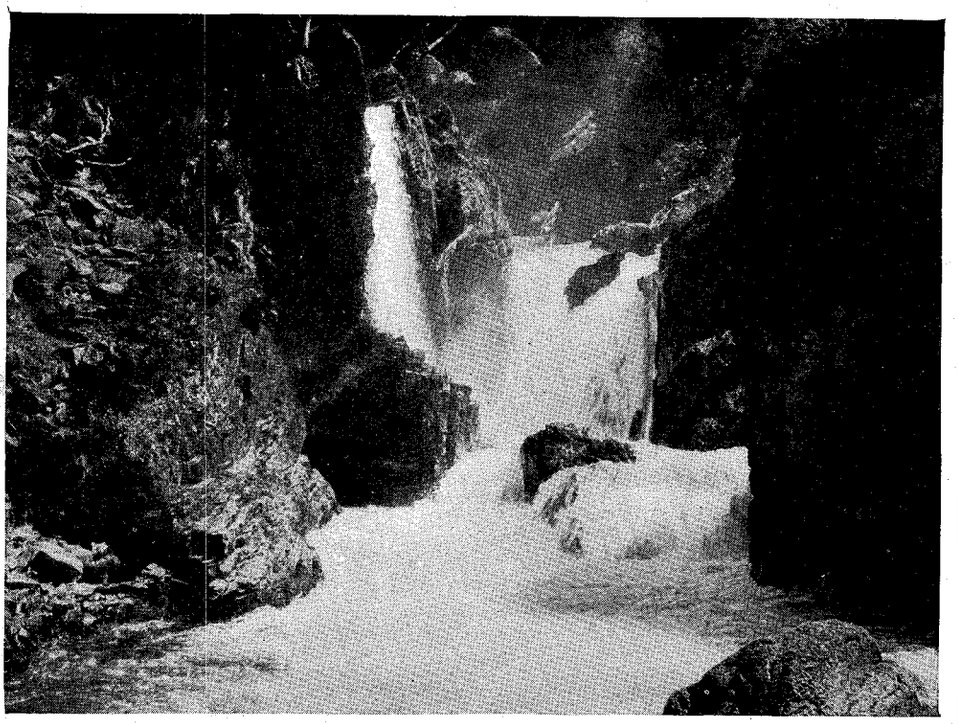
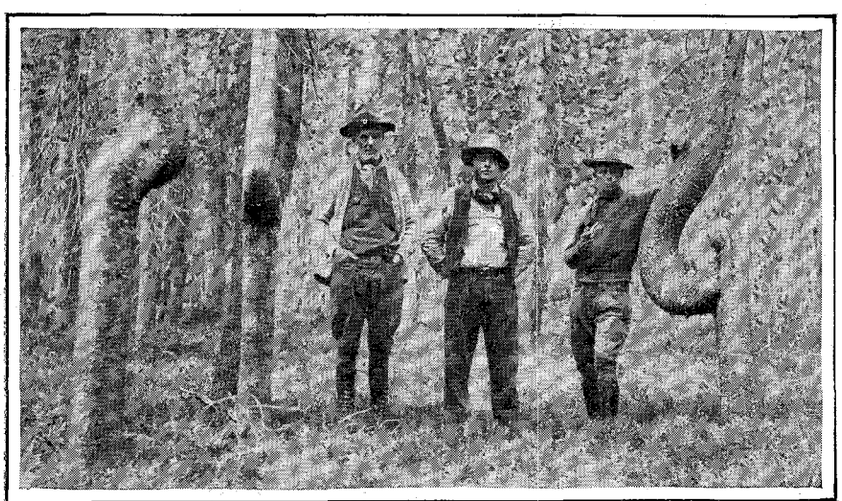
Fighting through thickets and down timber, we gained a canyon, and followed a game trail along its steep sides. We turned our horses loose, not fearing whether we could catch them again or not. The greater question in the mind of man and beast was, Will I make the grade or the bottom? The point of safety was a hundred feet above this scenic gem. By what name would you have it called?



(C) Wm. C. Gregg, 1921



This picture has been named "The Six Crooks." Right to left: Colonel Birdseye, Ranger Little, Glen Smith

tional. Great and small estates they are, finer than kings thought of before, yet they belong to you and me.

The main course of our Nation has been right, but things sometimes go so wrong that faint-hearted patriots would sail the seas for some desert island, there to spend their days in lofty thoughts and digging clams. But the price of progress is persistence. At its worst, we in America have the best.

There is a clarion call to every man and woman to do something for the common good. Every move should be toward making good conditions permanent. I choose to work for National Parks—for permanent parks; not only your property and mine, but that which will be owned by our children's children a century hence.

Let us lay down some park principles:

1. National parks are created for the benefit and enjoyment of the people—the whole public.

2. No commercial project—for private advantage—must be permitted to cross the boundaries of these parks. The rights of the public forbid it.

3. Park extensions should be advocated only after careful and unprejudiced study of the reasons for and against them.

4. The motives of plausible persons who express great devotion for the parks they wish to exploit are always to be suspected.

5. Persons living near a National Park who feel themselves harmed by their situation must bear their burden cheerfully. Disagreeable neighbors cannot always be moved away, and when better known are often not as bad as they were thought to be.

WE have had some difficulty in getting names for falls and cascades in the southwest corner.

You and I can propose, but the Geographic Board, which sits in Washington, D. C., disposes. Its general disposition is negative; its mission in life is to prevent inappropriate names and to stop people from putting themselves on the map.

J. E. Haynes and I tried hard to find names of men identified with that re-

(C) Wm. C. Gregg, 1921

The sad expression of Glen Smith when he hears the cook yell, "Come and get it!"

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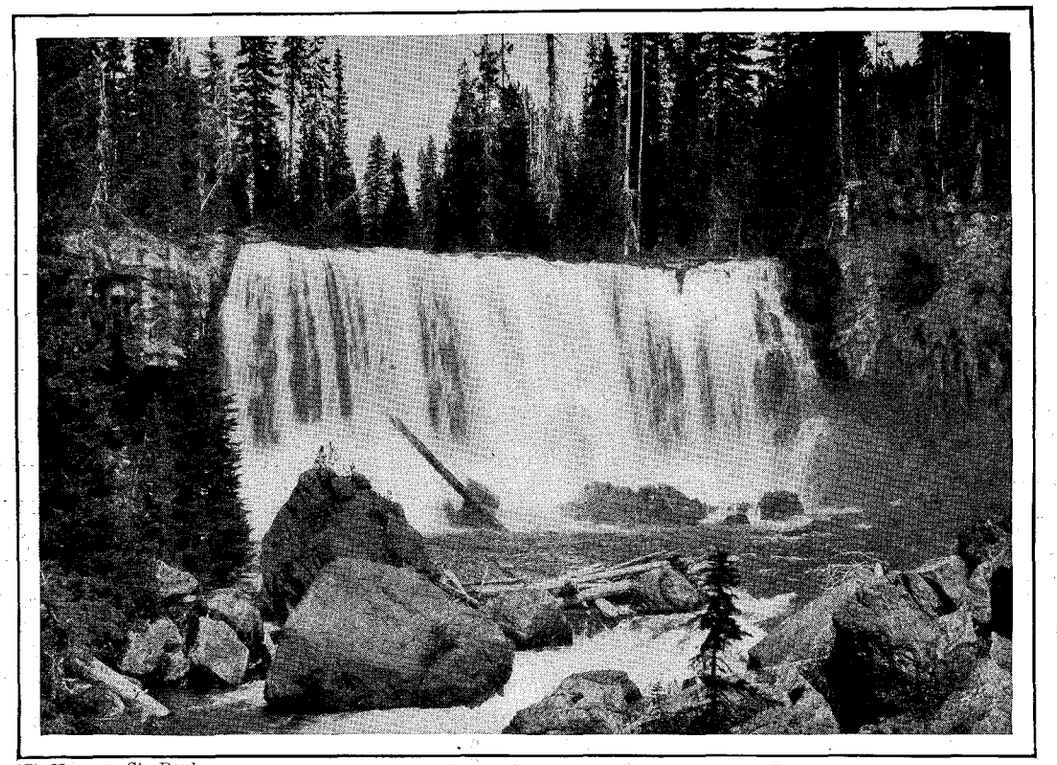


(C) Haynes, St. Paul

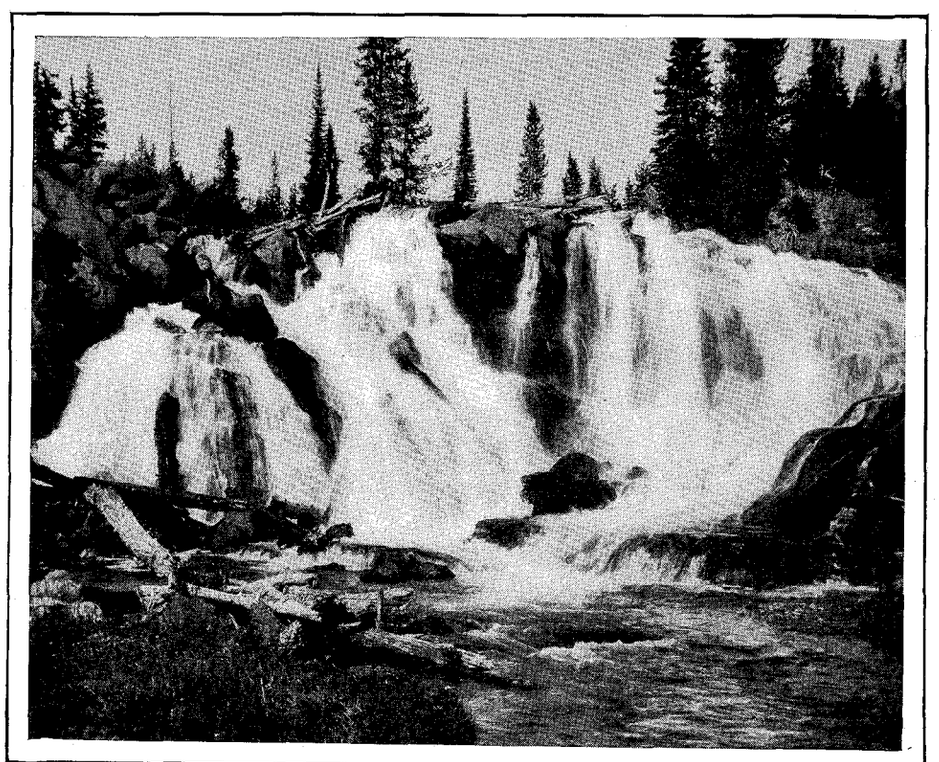
This stately scene is near the mouth of Bechler Canyon. The proposed reservoir and dam would have backed the water almost to its base, and when the waters were drawn off for irrigation purposes would have left a mud morass some miles in length and breadth

gion not already honored. Our search was rewarded with two—Ferris, who visited the Geyser Basin around 1830, and was the first man to write about it, and Phillips, one of the defenders of the park, thirty years ago. We named two streams for them.

We called a monumental rock "Batchelder Column," in memory of A. G. Batchelder, who was one of the seven prominent men to lose their lives in the airplane accident near Washington last year. He was a good friend of the southwest corner. As Executive Chairman of the American Automobile Association he gave us valuable assistance.

The Geographic Board recognizes only dead men. There are several men whom we would like to honor, but they are alive and well, thank God! So we cannot name anything after George Horace Lormer, or ex-Secretary John Barton Payne, or the present Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall, who has entered the sanctuary of his park service with a truly National purpose and vision.

We did find one other lead which brought us to a notable name. The General Federation of Woman's Clubs has been very much interested in National



(C) Haynes, St. Paul

Mr. Haynes suggested the name of "Ragged" for these falls. I rebelled, because there is no beauty in rags, and offered "Rugged" as a compromise. The result was that we were hardly on speaking terms until we had had something to eat. The name will not be settled until we hear from you or somebody

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Parks, and assisted us last winter in the fight to preserve the Yellowstone Park from commercialism, so we asked their President, Mrs. Alice Winter, to lay before their Board an invitation to suggest a name of some great American woman (not now living) for one of the fine falls. The invitation was accepted, and the name of Susan B. Anthony, selected officially, will be presented. I am sure we will have an "Anthony Falls" that will be a splendid monument in a beautiful place to a grand woman.

Mr. Lorimer has emphasized the appropriateness of Indian names. I do not find Indian traditions connected with the park. The region was too infernal to be liked by superstitious Indians. They seldom went there, unless they used it as a temporary refuge in time of tribal wars.

The Shoshone and Crow tribes lived near, and the name of the former is attached to the second largest lake in the park.

I am sure that suggestions from readers of The Outlook would be appreciated.

Dr. Henry van Dyke gave me "Silver Scarf Cascade" as his way of adopting one of our nameless beauties.

I don't want to suggest a naming contest. I would take to my bed if an avalanche of "Rainbow Falls" and "Bridal Falls" came in. Yet any one fired with the spark of suggestion may deeply satisfy unnumbered multitudes of park pilgrims by just the right name now, and, remember, the Geographic Board "will get you if you don't watch out."

Two or three of the pictures shown here were named by the topographical map maker, who evidently found them in 1884. Two are inappropriate. Personally, I should like to see names selected for all at the present time.

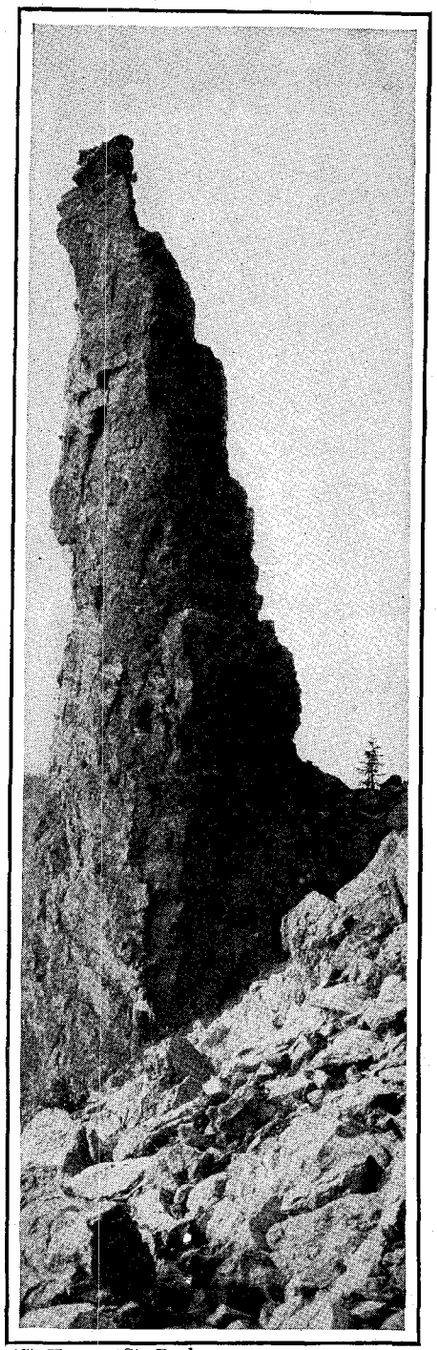
Space does not permit the showing of photographs of ten more cascades and falls; they are all beautiful, and may deserve any name suggested for those we are showing.

MANY friends know of the report I made last year that the topographical map (made in 1884) was in error in several places, including the marks indicating a large swamp of several thousand acres in the southwest corner.

The promoters of the irrigation project made the most of this feature of the Government map to get their plan through Congress, deceiving many of their own Idaho supporters.

Colonel C. H. Birdseye, Chief of the Topographical Department, went into that region this summer at the same time Mr. J. E. Haynes and I did. His report just made to the Interior Department on the "Swamp" is interesting:

> The old topographic map erroneously represents the drainage in the basin below the mouth of the Bechler Canyon. In fact, the map of this region is so poor that revision is impracticable and the area should be entirely resurveyed. *The swamp symbol appearing on the map is entirely misleading.* This area is covered with large open meadows on which grows an abundance of good grass, which I am told used to be cut in large quantities for winter cattle forage. These meadows are dotted with irregular patches of timber, but by far the larger percentage of the area is in grass. A number of small sloughs traverse the meadows, but otherwise the basin is dry and firm, so that one can ride almost anywhere on horseback. A fair wagon road traverses the meadows from the Bechler ranger station to a point within two miles of the mouth of Bechler Canyon.



(C) Haynes, St. Paul

BATCHELDER COLUMN

I am naming this in memory of one of our friends who aided us last year, A. G. Batchelder, formerly Executive Secretary of the American Automobile Association. (Note figure at base.)

Colonel Birdseye also confirmed the statements made by several of us last year, that there are dam sites just outside this section of the park for use in storing water for Idaho irrigation.

Commercialism in park invasions seems to follow the maxim of a certain class of lawyers: "Anything to win the case."

The history of the misrepresentation of facts in the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park and the final publicity of the truth demonstrates the advisability of going slow in such matters and insisting on full investigation before a single step is taken against the parks of the people.

I am sure that the people of Idaho will indorse this, and that their Congressman who aided the proposed invasion was himself deceived.

We own nineteen National Parks. It has recently been proved that their best guardians are the many National societies who are loosely federated together in park defense. This federation obviates duplication and gets prompt and Nation-wide action when dangers really threaten our park possessions.

I give below a list of these federated societies:

American Association for the Advancement of Science.
American Association of Museums.
American Automobile Association.
American Bison Society.
American Civic Association.
American Defense Society.
American Federation of Art.
American Forestry Association.
American Game Protective Association.
American Museum of Natural History.
American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.
American Society of Landscape Architects.
Associated Mountaineering Clubs.
California Academy of Sciences.
Camp Fire Club of America.
Ecological Society of America.
Field Museum of Chicago.
General Federation of Women's Clubs.
League of American Penwomen.
National Arts Club of New York City.
Boone and Crockett Club.
National Association of Audubon Societies.
National Automobile Chamber of Commerce (manufacturers).
National Federation of Business and Professional Women.
National Geographic Society.
National Parks Association.
New York Zoological Society.
Sierra Club.

If you are not already a member of one of them join *now*. More associations will be welcomed by our General Chairman, Mr. George Bird Grinnell, 238 East Fifteenth Street, New York City. Mr. Grinnell will also be glad to put the reader in touch with any of the societies already federated in park defense.

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"MY HEART LEAPS UP—"

A THANKSGIVING STORY

BY LEONARD HATCH

ONE pitcher, one bowl, one towel, one mug, and one tooth-brush. The pitcher inside the bowl, the tooth-brush in the mug, the towel hanging limply from a sagging rack; such was the equipment held by the wash-stand at the foot of the narrow bed along the wall. Beyond was a small bureau. Beside the window stood a large table and a chair, and against the wall a trunk. A Turkey-red curtain concealed a row of hooks for clothing. On the wall hung a calendar, presented by a plow manufacturer, which represented a young lady in blue about to throw a very pink soap-bubble at a harvest moon which was winking at her. Such were the articles of furnishing, excepting the trunk and tooth-brush, provided by the thrifty Mrs. Bender for the sum of $5.50 per week.

In short—as you have guessed long before this—a hall bedroom.

To reach this palatial establishment you might best go down the avenue under the ironwork where the elevated trains thundered all day and all night, turn sharp to the left at the drug-store where the window was filled with corn plasters and cough cure, and walk past eighteen brick houses just alike. Then, if you paused at the nineteenth house, rang the bell, were admitted by the frowsy landlady, climbed three flights of dark and not over-clean stairs, and opened the door at the end of the hall, you would be in the hall bedroom aforementioned.

It was a little box of a room, with one window, half shaded by a not too clean muslin curtain, which had been drawn back so that the amber afternoon light of the day before Thanksgiving filled the room. Just like seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety-two other rooms it was. But the items of furnishing mentioned were by no means all the things in the room. It fairly bulged with disorder—wallowed in it, reveled in it. Boots peeped from under the bed and the red curtain. A row of neckties adorned the gas bracket. A soft hat lay beside a shirt on the trunk. A coat and pair of trousers had been thrown haphazard on the chair. But the table—it had chaos itself looking as orderly as a checker-board! Pins, brushes, pencils, and bottles of colored inks fought for a place on it; and it was littered with sketches and crayon drawings, most of them unfinished. There was one photograph, of a middle-aged, sweet-faced woman. On the walls were thumb-tacked other drawings: a girl with smiling eyes, a pair of fire horses taking a curve, and a burlesque of the moon soap-bubble calendar in which the moon had spidery legs and arms which he was stretching out toward the soap-bubble girl. Such was the hall bedroom.

It did not even lack an owner, as disheveled as itself. In the bed lay a young man with the eyes of the woman in the photograph. But Arthur Wade was not looking at his best, for the dark hair was rumpled, his face was flushed, and he needed a shave badly. Even a first-year medical student could have told that Arthur had been having the "flu," and was just swinging into convalescence.

Arthur rolled back the sleeves of his faded pink pajamas, folded his hands under his head, and stared moodily out of the window. The hopeless grunt he gave was not his first. Thought he:

"Just my luck, when I've got so much work to finish!"

There being nothing else to do, he lay and listened to the noises of the city which the breeze brought through his half-open window. The jar of an occasional elevated train mingled with the steady abuse of a distant player-piano. Then he gradually became aware of a regular murmur of words through the wall of the next room. It came in the measured rise and fall of phrases repeated again and again.

Arthur knew well enough the cause of this. It was the girl who was studying to be a public reader—a new boarder and a stranger to him—going over and over one of her exercises. He strained for the words, and finally worked out the first line:

"My heart leaps up when I behold."

She made her voice give a little staccato jerk up on the word "leaps" each time. But that was all that Arthur could distinguish, except the words "in the sky." Thus:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
[Murmur] . . . in the sky."

For a time the puzzle was not uninteresting.

"Her heart leaps up when she beholds something or other in the sky," thought the young man. "Now what the mischief can it be?" For a time he whimsically tried fitting different words to the murmur. "Balloon?" No. "Airplane?" Hardly. "Windmill?" Nothing like it. "Bird?" Worse and worse. Having read little poetry, he could not hit the answer. And after a while the reiteration of the words began to make him nervous. "I wish to thunder her heart would leap down into the subway, or somewhere, and stay down!" he thought. He longed to thump on the wall, but decided that that would hardly be polite even from an invalid.

So he lay and tossed restlessly, and tried to forget the ache in his bones by watching the windows in the rows of houses across the back yards. Other persons were over there, he pondered, dozens and scores of them, and not a single one knew that he was sick or would have cared if he had known. And the more he thought, the gloomier he became.

His reflections were interrupted by a crisp rap on the door.

"Come in," said Arthur.

Mrs. Bender, his landlady, entered. She was a short, untidy woman; at her best not an exhilarating personage, and just now wheezing from the exertion of three flights—altogether not a tonic to an invalid.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Wade?"

"No worse, thank you, Mrs. Bender. I'll be all right in a day or so. But isn't it tough luck to be laid up like this when I've got work to do?"

"Yes, I'm sorry," answered Mrs. Bender, with rather vague and ineffective sympathy, setting down a tray of cold toast and tea. "Here's your lunch," she added.

"Thank you. It's good to have some one remember me."

"Well, I'm sure all your friends are sorry you're sick."

"Friends!" burst out the young man, scornfully. "I've got no friends. Come, now, has any one in the house asked after me? Tell me straight."

"You see, sir, a number of 'em have gone home for over Thanksgiving, so they can't—"

"Well, they wouldn't, anyway," continued Arthur. "Even if there were anybody in the house besides the girl that speaks pieces, they'd be too busy to think of me—they'd be going to parties, or theaters, or their hearts would be leaping up, or something."

"Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Bender, baffled and a shade frightened at this odd young man.

"It's so with everybody in this whole big city. There's not a soul cares about me—what I do, whether I'm sick or well, whether I'm alive or dead. They're perfectly heartless, every man, woman, and child in this whole town. They care for no one but themselves, even if it is Thanksgiving time."

"Your tea is getting cold, Mr. Wade," said she, anxious to soothe him and escape.

He understood her feeling, and sank back on the pillow.

"All right," said he. "Much obliged to you for bringing it. That's all."

At the door Mrs. Bender turned for an instant.

"I've lived in this town for twenty years," said she, "and I just can't help

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telling you that you're wrong. People *do* care, and some day you'll find it out."

"No," he repeated. "Not one soul in this whole show gives a rip what happens to me!"

She shrugged her shoulders and left him.

He ate his toast and drank his tea, sullenly, gradually working himself into a grouch for the whole afternoon. Then he lay back on his pillow again, brooding over the selfishness of all mankind. As he lay listening to the welter of city noises outside, the murmur in the next room began again.

"My heart leaps up, . . . " recited the girl.

"Ugh!" said Arthur to himself; "I wish to Heaven I could find something that would make mine do the high jump, too!"

On this same afternoon before Thanksgiving four persons were gathered in a room of another boarding-house on the next street. It was a sort of group that might be found after lunch in almost any city boarding-house. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden were a good-natured, comfortable, easy-going couple. Every morning Mr. Hayden went downtown to the large wholesale silk establishment in which he held a responsible position. Every night at exactly 5:40 he took off his hat, kissed his wife, and washed his hands for dinner. On Saturday these sacred rites took place earlier. They were a warm-hearted pair, and liked to have other boarders hang about their room.

That was the reason why Jimmy Grant and Sadie Peters were sitting with them that afternoon.

Jimmy was a young man—a cigar salesman—who had been born and bred in the city. He was as much a part of it as the filler was part of one of his own cigars. In both speech and dress he inclined toward a high horse-power. Just now he was wearing a suit of maple-sugar brown with faint but incontrovertible purple stripes. His coat was cut on the lines of one who plays Big Time in vaudeville, and was supplied with many pockets set in unexpected spots and at curious angles. There were broad cuffs on the sleeves. At this moment he was sitting in a Morris chair; not exactly sitting either, for one of his legs was thrown over an arm of the chair. He was talking busily about nothing in particular to Sadie Peters.

The only difference in Sadie Peters was that she happened to be of the opposite sex. She was an almost too blond young person with a mountain-like mass of hair arranged in rhythmical corrugations like some geological formation. You got the impression that she had done her hair that way in some bygone age when it was the fashion, and that it had frozen that way for all time, like lava. If, instead of being a stenographer in a broker's office, she had been Jimmy Grant, she too would have worn a coat with oblique pockets. She was the sort that talks glibly about every Broadway hit and movie actor, and then surreptitiously mails a third of each week's salary home to her mother.

A metropolitan but happy group. Mrs. Hayden was doing some sewing, and Mr. Hayden was reading a "Night Final" which he had bought at high noon.

"I'm feeling on the high gear to-day," said Jimmy. "Always do just before a holiday."

"Work!" exclaimed Sadie. "You don't really work! Now, if you had to sit at a typewriter all day long and tickle the ivories, pounding out, 'Yours of the 14th inst. received, and in reply would say—' "

"And getting every third word wrong," continued Jimmy.

"Hold on, children," said Mrs. Hayden. "If you want to quarrel about which works the hardest, you'll have to go into the hall to do it."

"Well," admitted Jimmy, "I'm no dog-gone slave, 's a fact. I don't work like that guy you can see every day across the back yards."

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Hayden.

"Don't know his name. Youngish party with dark hair. Artist chap, I guess. Anyway, he lives on the fourth floor of the house opposite this. He's always hunched over a table in front of the window, drawing. Draws a while, then holds the paper out at arm's length and squints at it; then draws some more, then squints some more; then draws some more. Keeps that up all day and generally till it's time to hit the hay."

"Right opposite?"

"Sure. You've only to step to the window and you'll see him hard at it now."

All four of them went to the window and stared out over the little rectangular yards with their rows of parallel clothesline and their endlessly patrolling cats. Opposite them stretched the tiers on tiers of windows, all alike, except that some of them harbored a milk-bottle or pot of geranium.

"Fourth floor, right opposite," said Jimmy, and pointed.

But all they saw was an unoccupied table piled with paper.

"I guess you lose, Mr. Wiseheimer," said Sadie, sweetly.

"Yes, I'll take the count. But, mealtime excepted, I never looked over there before without seeing him."

"Perhaps he's gone home for Thanksgiving," ventured Mrs. Hayden.

"More likely sick," said her husband. "You can see the gas is lighted."

At this point Jimmy sat down suddenly, crossed his legs, and began to untie and tie his shoe-laces. It was always a sign of sudden meditation in Jimmy.

Ten minutes later a young man in a brown suit with wistful purple stripes might have been seen climbing the steps of the nineteenth house in the next street. He rang the bell, and a puffy-looking woman came to the door.

"I'll tell you, to start with, I ain't an agent of any sort," began the young man in the brown suit. "You won't have to sign on no dotted line for me. I just wanted to know whether there's a young feller with black hair—artist, I guess—lives on your fourth floor back?"

"Why, yes," answered the woman. "You mean Mr. Arthur Wade. But he can't see you. He's got the flu, or something," she added.

"Don't want to see him. Just wanted to find out if his engine was missing. I've found out. Good-day," said the young man in the brown suit, running lightly down the steps.

The woman closed the door and forgot the incident.

A few minutes later Jimmy—for the young man in the brown suit was none other (as you have undoubtedly guessed) —was back in the Haydens' room.

"Say," he began abruptly, "you folks got anything on for to-morrow afternoon?"

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden had no definite plans.

"I gotta date with a friend in Greenwall Heights," said Sadie.

"Oh, no, you haven't. Anyhow, you'll have to call it off," said Jimmy.

"I sha'n't do any such thing."

"Yes, you will, of your own accord, when you know my campaign. Listen here, everybody!"

It was nearing the middle of Thanksgiving afternoon. And Arthur Wade was still lying in bed, as blue as the day before, and even more in need of a shave. He was still limp, though his fever had abated and his appetite had begun to edge its way back. Wisely, he had remained in bed; unwisely, he was inwardly sneering at the great city, at all its people with their coldness and indifference and utter self-absorption. As on the day before, he had gradually worked himself into a fit of sullenness. That bade fair to be his prevailing Thanksgiving mood.

Knock!

Arthur turned his head to listen. Surely some one had knocked, and as surely it was not the regular hour for Mrs. Bender's knuckles.

Knock! Knock-knock!

Arthur was about to answer when the door opened and there entered a tall young man wearing a yellow tie and a green suit, tight in the waist and flary round the hips. Arthur saw that it was a stranger to him.

"You've got the wrong room," said he, grumpily.

The green suit did not move.

"Ain't you Mr. Arthur Wade?" came the question.

"Yes, but I don't know you. And besides, I'm sick."

"I know it; that's precisely why I'm here. My name's—well, here's my card; James Grant, you see, but everybody calls me Jimmy. So can you, an' I won't kick."

Arthur could not help thawing a little under this breezy cordiality. But he was puzzled.

"Well, I don't see—" he began.

"You don't have to see. It's Thanksgiving Day—an' you're sick—an' I've

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come to make you a little call. D'ye get that?"

"Yes."

"What's more," went on Jimmy, "I ain't all."

"You're not what?"

"I ain't all that's come to see you. There's three more perchin' out in the hall—another gempman an' two ladies."

"Ladies!"

"Clam yerself, me lord! Clam yerself! as Shakespoke says. One of 'em's married lady, old enough to be my mother, so you don't need to worry about the *pro*prieties. Besides, they're all eighteen karat birds!"

He flung open the door as he said this, and in stepped, or rather edged, Mr. Hayden, his wife, and Miss Sadie Peters. The quartet fairly filled the room. Jimmy acted as introducer.

"This is Mr. Arthur Wade," said he. Then he turned to the invalid. "Shake hands with two of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, who are a sort of second pa and ma to me. Also among those present is Miss Sadie Peters, who can catch one hundred and thirty words of dictation a minute as easy as you can catch a baseball."

Arthur began to grasp the situation.

"I'm sure I'm glad to see you all. Won't you—won't you—sit down?"

They tried to; but when Sadie had taken the edge of the chair and Jimmy and Mr. Hayden the trunk, there was no place for Mrs. Hayden. She faced Arthur.

"Would you be offended," said she, "if I should turn in and pick up your room a bit while I'm here?"

"Better let her," said Jimmy. "She will, anyhow."

"I'd be ever so pleased if you would," Arthur assented. "I guess it's in pretty bad shape. I'm afraid I'm not very tidy."

"You're quite an artist, aren't you?" said Sadie, glancing at some of the sketches.

"Oh, he's there with the little old art stuff, all right," cut in Jimmy. "Say, look at that moon with the arms and legs! That's ringing the ol' gong with one hand, believe *me!*"

Arthur flushed with pleasure, and the ice was fractured for all time.

Gradually the two women began to work a complete transformation in the little room. The shoes vanished. The clothes found their way onto the hooks behind the curtains. The papers and paraphernalia on the table became orderly piles. And by the time Mrs. Hayden had dusted her husband into his seventh sneeze the room had become a new place.

During all this Jimmy had kept up a rattling fire of nothing but words, while Mr. Hayden beamed affably and occasionally put in a remark. Suddenly Mrs. Hayden paused and gazed meditatively at the bureau.

"I never knew a young man yet," said she, "but what kept about a peck and a half of socks which needed darning in the lowest drawer."

"You're wrong." Arthur had reached the point where he could grin. "Mine are in the next to the lowest."

In a twinkling she had the socks out and began to stuff them into a bag she had brought. "I'll have 'em back to you in a couple of days, all darned," said she.

So the afternoon wore away, and Arthur—his depression now quite evaporated—almost before he knew it found himself chatting intimately with these four new friends; telling them about his old home in the country and his family, about his present art work, and even a little about his aspirations for the future. And the four gathered about—and even on—his bed, kindly, jolly, and sympathetic. So passed the afternoon of a Thanksgiving Day not soon to be forgotten.

But all days have an end, and the shadows began to gather in the corners of the room. The party made ready to take leave. But first they displayed their contributions, which they had left in the hall. Mr. Hayden had brought a pile of ancient comic papers, his wife some fruit, and Sadie Peters a box of candy.

Jimmy was obviously embarrassed during these proceedings. Suddenly he blurted:

"I'm awful sorry, but I clean forgot to bring you anything special. But say, any time you're thinking of layin' in a stock of cigars you just let me know and I'll fix you up 'way below reg'lar prices."

There was a pause, until Mrs. Hayden began to say that he must come and see them when he was better.

And at that Arthur suddenly burst out:

"Who are you all—you kind folks? How did you ever happen to hear of me, and know I was sick, and come to see me? Who are you, anyhow?"

"We?" said Mrs. Hayden, simply; "we? Why, we're nobody in particular, just plain folks, like thousands of others in this town. They'd have done what we have, just as quick. You see, it happens that we live in another boarding-house over beyond those back yards. See!" She pointed the windows out to Arthur. "And Jimmy Grant here has watched you working at your window day after day. And yesterday, when you weren't in sight, it struck him that you might be sick. So he made inquiries, and found that you were, and told us three, and—and—that's all," she concluded lamely.

"'Twarn't nothin'," muttered Jimmy, as shamefacedly as if he had been caught stealing jam.

There was a silence. Never had Arthur so longed to express himself as at that minute; but he could find no words to speak. Finally he stammered:

"You—I don't—I can't seem to say what I want! I'm a great big fool! I thought there was nobody in this whole town that really cared. I believed it. And then you—you four—came. I can't ever tell you just what it's meant to me—this afternoon. I wish I could. But I—I—"

His voice gave a sudden suspicious break. But Mrs. Hayden saved the situation. She bent over him and took his hand gently.

"We understand—all of us," said she, softly.

"Sure," said Jimmy, the irrepressible. "I was a boy onct myself."

But Mrs. Hayden squelched him with a look, and they stole away.

IF Arthur had been the hero of a story, instead of a real young man, the next few minutes would have found him mopping his eyes with the pink-pajama sleeve. But, though there may have been a sudden blur to his vision, he did nothing of the sort. He just lay smiling happily out of the window.

A distant church bell was ringing for vespers. The dusk gathered fast, and the windows opposite began to light up one by one. At last he saw the windows which Mrs. Hayden had pointed out to him grow bright; and for the instant before the shade was drawn he caught a glimpse of her broad, homely figure and Jimmy, with his hands thrust into those oblique pockets.

At this instant the girl who was studying elocution entered the room next to Arthur's. He could hear her moving about. Suddenly she began the couplet of verse she had droned out the day before. But now, either because she had forgotten that it was an exercise or for some other reason, she had dropped the unnatural emphasis and falling inflection. Her voice was clear and full.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky,"

came the words through the partition of the hall bedroom.

But Arthur hardly noticed that the mystery of the missing word had been solved. He was thinking only of the lighted square of window across the yards, and of the great discovery he had nade for the first time that Thanksgiving afternoon about the city he had hated.

"Rainbow," he murmured, reflectively —"rainbow, eh? I guess that name for it will do as well as any."

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WHIMSICAL LONDON

BY ELISHA FLAGG

IN comparing an Englishman with an American one would seem to be the antipode of the other in temperament and in whimsicalities of character. They are both fairly on an equality in virtues and vices. Temperamentally, the English are, generally considered, too slow, too cold-blooded, too conservative, too frankly suspicious. The Americans are too fast, too hot-blooded, too radical, too open and aboveboard. The Englishman hides his emotion; the American wears his heart on his shirt-front. The Englishman is very near being a professional pessimist; the American is an avowed optimist. The Englishman hushes every breath of slander, nips his scandal in the bud, or places it under lock and key (which, unfortunately, fosters hypocrisy and puts the general community at a disadvantage).

The crudeness of the American shows prominently in the childlike publicity of his vices, whatever they may be (which, fortunately, breeds frankness and, giving plenty of air to his misdeeds, results as a benefit in more permanent moral health).

The Englishman practices good manners, is rarely ever inquisitive—in other words, minds his own business and minds it exceedingly well; yet he seems to be so shy by nature that he is termed reserved and without sympathy. Unfortunately, propriety counts for so much that many sterling qualities are hidden. Enthusiasm is a rare emotion, and its rarity is due to repression, which is one of his ingrained characteristics.

Emerson has pointed out to us that "the Englishman is of all men he who stands firmest in his shoes," that "swift Americans think English are stupid but find later they wear well or hide their strength," yet "an Englishman of fashion is like a souvenir bound in vellum, enriched with delicate engravings on thick hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and princes—but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering."

The American is known by his thoughtlessly brusque manners and is characteristically inquisitive; yet, although he minds his business fairly well, is often inclined to "butt in" to that of others. He is generous to a fault and responds quickly and without urging to calls of help, be it at home or abroad.

It is well known that the Englishman suffers from a marked insular pride that tends to isolate him from the rest of the world; no doubt he has a creditable reason, as he is quite alive to his world influence, his commercial and financial supremacy, and his knowledge that his country stands second to none in integrity and stability. "Every one of these islanders is an island—safe, tranquil, incommunicable."

If another island existed—say halfway between America and Great Britain—and an equal number of both countries' people of both sexes were settled there, the result would be, through this commingling, a wonderfully near-perfect race.

Although London is not England, yet its enormous size and importance, together with its influence, would warrant taking it as illustrative of the theme of this article.

Londinium, as it was known to the Romans, was a walled town with six

A "BEEF-EATER" AT THE TOWER OF LONDON

gates, as we are told: Ludgate, Billingsgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate (within and without), and Aldgate. Other gates were added since King Lud, who built the wall and cut the original six gates. King Alfred put a few artistic touches to the wall, and Billy the Conqueror did the business all over again. No doubt a very substantial piece of work, as some of it is standing to this day in parts of London.

There is another wall that has existed for many years and will continue to do so for many more, and that is built of British conservatism and reserve, which appears to be without open gates and difficult of penetration. The disposition to preserve what their ancestors considered good enough for them is the cause of the existence of the thousand and one customs one runs across that are so appealingly quaint and conducive to speculation to the American who prowls through his London.

There is no doubt that royalty has had its influence. Customs of centuries rarely yield in Court functions. These are passed along to the nobility, and, as the English are said to "dearly love a lord," the upper middle class, followed by the lower class, copy all customs and manners as nearly as possible. The French have made their impression; many of the old country inns are now disguised under their English names which are corruptions of their French titles.

The origin of the English words inn, hotel, tavern, public house, bar, are all derived from the old French, directly or indirectly. Tavern is derived from *taverne*, which was a public house—*i. e.*, a house for the people (*publicain*)—and, in the law, for the people of the locality; as in contradistinction to an inn, one for the travelers. Hotel has several diversifications in its history, as note: hostel or hostelry—an inn; hosteler, the keeper of an inn ('ostler, the keeper of the stable); also a host or hostage was a landlord, who was formerly the lord of the manor. Hospice was a place where strangers were entertained, as also was a hospital (which carries us a bit farther to Spitalfields, in London—originally known as Hospital-in-the-Fields).

The tap-room or bar of ancient inns was also known as the "bower," but the word "bar" found its origin in the old French word *bouteille* (bottle) and designated a room where bottles of liquor and butts of wine were kept, as likewise the modern butler was then the *boutellier*, a bottle-bearer or cup-bearer. Some authorities claim the French word *beurre* for buttery; that is an error, no doubt, as buttery is from butte, French *bouteillerie;* and harking back to the bar will furnish further amusement, as, for instance, the keeper of a tippling-house was known as the tippler, and "tip" means to cover anything with gold or silver at the end, as for example, the itching palm of a waiter. Inns with English names of to-day, taking a few samples, had their French origin as follows:

The Three Frogs: The Fleur de Lis.

The Bull and Mouth: Boulogne Mouth.

The Bull and Gate: Boulogne Gate.

The Cat and Fiddle: Caton Fidele (a French governor).

Savoy Weepers: Savoir Vivre Club.

It is only a step from the inn to the home of an Englishman, and it is worth it only to see his attractive decorations of flowers in garden and on house front—with window-boxes full of marguerites and geraniums in summer, privets or other green plants in winter. Although

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it is practically impossible to grow roses in the grimy air of London, they arrive in such profusion at Covent Garden that one could purchase—before the war—beautiful specimens by the dozen for the trifling sum of sixpence and anemones in great variety of color at a few pennies. London is a garden spot, with its tons and tons of flowers pouring in daily from all parts of the country, from the Scilly Islands (a group of small islands off the coast of Cornwall, where the farmers practically cultivate flowers only), and from the Continent.

If one should be up early, strolling through Piccadilly, he could never fail to see the costers with their little two-wheel donkey-carts piled up to a tipping-over limit—the whole effect like a huge bouquet of beautiful flowers on wheels—pulled rapidly away by its mouse-colored slave in the direction of South Kensington or Chelsea.

In the fact of London having no expensive displays of flowers in its shops, as is seen in Paris, and more especially in New York, lies one good reason for the low cost to the people.

The Englishman's manner of living, as a rule, has not changed very much in a hundred years or more. His house is built well enough structurally, although he likes to run all his pipe connections on the outside, in preference to housing them, and "modern improvements" are looked upon with a suspicion by the majority. Not many years ago a "Yankee" porcelain bathtub was sufficiently strange to the Londoner to warrant the display of specimens in windows of ironmongers or plumbers' shops—which was in a manner copying the undertaker's exhibition of coffins—by standing them on end! Is this eccentric?

In winter, heated bedrooms, either to sleep in or to dress in, are not considered healthful. Dining-rooms and drawing-rooms are most properly equipped with one open fireplace for each room, and such are made to hold a scant scuttleful of soft coal—known as "Derby-Brights," as one particularly fine quality—warranted not to give too much heat! It should be sufficient to heat a space in front of about four feet, and if the thermometer should register over 55 deg. F. it would be termed "stuffy."

When the morning is of penetrating chill and the dampness of a quality to go through to one's marrow, the Britisher is feeling "very fit." An American who may be living under these conditions in London would prefer his fur-lined overcoat, muffler, and foot-warmer. No wonder some of them take the tea habit in full—that is, tea before one is out of his bed, tea for breakfast, and, of course, tea at 4 P.M.! The real reason for all this tea habit is to combat the insidious climate; both as a stimulant and a heat-producer; in addition, it may be admitted, to the delectable "Scotch" in plenty of water with one's dinner.

The American methods of comfort are slowly making headway in the homes of the less obstinate, and one will find actual up-to-date modern improvements: open plumbing, steam or hot-water heating with American radiators in halls and sometimes even living-rooms; also "lifts" for servants' use (when it is possible to break through that class prejudice), large closets for wearing apparel, and hardwood floors, even parquetry! Mediæval Warwick Castle, as well as Windsor Castle, as exceptionally illustrative instances, are comfortably fitted with steam-heating, which seems somewhat of an anachronism. Singularly, again, many London homes are, and have been for nearly a quarter of a century, lighted by electricity. Who knows but even in the lowly suburbs of Wormwood Scrubs, Upper Tooting, Clapham Common, or Elephant and Castle this innovation has crept in?

There are oddities in vocabulary quickly noticed by the newly arrived American which are often puzzling as well as amusing. All London hotels and restaurants offer their guests "serviettes" (French for napkins). They make a "speciality" of doing this. All homes are supplied with their basins and ewers or jugs, not bowls and pitchers, as the progressive American would have supposed. Basin and ewer are closely allied to the French *bassin* and *évier*. The Englishman considers cupboard quite the proper word, and not closet. The American innocently refers to roaches, midgets, beetles, etc., as bugs! Quite improper—they should be called insects. Bugs are not referred to in polite society, being beyond the pale of conventionalism! Ah! A trifle eccentric? When one is not enjoying the best of health one is "feeling a bit queer"—or seedy—d'ye see?

One puts away wearing apparel in a chest of drawers or in a tallboy and keeps his writing materials in a bureau. A chiffonier is not known as such, although Paris knows it as a rag-picker. The signs on the shops recall our childhood toys when we read: Poulterers—Fruiterers — Greengrocers — Ironmongers — Cheesemongers — Meat Salesmen or Purveyors of Meat — Cow-Keepers (instead of dairies) — Chymists (in place of druggists)—Drapers, etc. One purchases from the last named a reel of cotton, when it would be more natural to ask for a spool of thread. Garters are known as suspenders, and suspenders are braces. There is no notion counter; it is the haberdashery department. At Harrod's, the great department store of London, you are directed to the ironmongery department for your hardware, and at the turnery you buy your household brushes.

All foodstuffs are put up in "tins," as a can is only intended for hot water and has a hinged cover. If you are hungry for crackers, you must ask for biscuits. Our "snapper" is their cracker. Trousers and waistcoats are better understood by a London tailor than pants and vests; half-hose than sox. A bowler is a derby; a gibus is an opera-hat—named after the inventor.

"Gammon" and spinach are just as good to eat as our ham and spinach—in fact, better, as the quality is superior; yet our corned beef is more palatable than their "silversides." "Bubble and squeak" means a warmed-over dish of any food.

One may purchase in season such strange comestibles as ortolans, ptarmigans, wild boar's head, capercailzies, and leverets. Plovers' eggs in the month of June are considered a great delicacy, and many shops of the kind fill their windows with quantities of plovers' nests, holding their complement of these dark-gray, speckled eggs. Calves' brains and sweetbreads are to most Americans delectable food, but the London butcher might think otherwise if you judge him offhand when he classes them as "offal."

If in the course of fitting one's house to awnings, the "blind" man must have the job, as he fits the windows with "blinds." Dwellings or messuages are rented almost invariably for the term of twenty-one years—with a surrender period of seven years each. The boarding-house keeper was formerly known as a herbergeour and his house as a herbergage, as he gave harbor to strangers. Every street has a top and a bottom, and such vehicles as pantechnicons and lorries and occasionally small locomotives rumble over the roads, as the streets are called, and the drivers may deliver their packages "onto the pavement," which is our sidewalk. The roads of London are practically free to any one to use as a roadway, and, although the great omnibus companies travel the main thoroughfares, any one who is financially able to equip himself with bus and driver need not apply for a franchise to the London County Council to operate any street he may elect to run on.

When London had no curb ("kerb") stones, in the old days, the pavements comprised the entire roadway and citizens considered it of vital importance to keep nearest the buildings on account of the fearful amount of mud that usually filled the road. If a man "took the wall" from a lady, it was serious enough to result in sword or pistol play.

When a street is closed for repair, one knows of it through a sign worded "Beware the Roller" or "Road Stopped." Columbus Circle in New York has its cousin in Piccadilly Circus and Regent or Oxford Circus. In an old English pamphlet it tells us that Piccadilly was "piccadillos—stiff collars or bands by which a tailor obtained an estate and built the first house on that—now—famous thoroughfare."

In inquiring of a "Bobby" how many blocks your hotel was from some building, he would answer, "Two turnings to the right, three turnings to the left, to the bottom of the road," adding, "It is only a bit of a walk." It would be unfailingly several bits!

The King's stables are built on the site of the ancient Mews, which were for housing hawks and falcons while they were mewing (or molting). Stables today are called mews.

An American passing over London in

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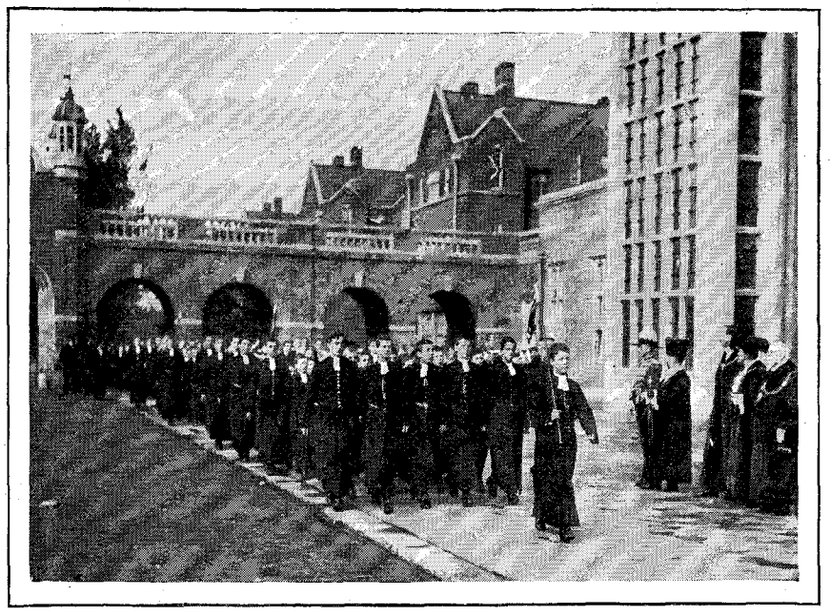

BLUECOAT BOYS AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

an airplane would marvel at the many-colored spots he saw. The bright-green splashes of numerous parks; the buildings completely painted in cream, fawn, brown, and even white. When he descended and walked by these houses, he would see the doors of attractive colorings and shades; rich emerald green, hunter's scarlet, maroon, dark brown, light brown, pink, blue, and lavender—these are a few of the choicest, painted by the occupiers. And added to these would be handsome knockers of brass, with now and then an additional brass plate bearing the legend, "Knock and ring if an answer is required;" or another arrangement, "Do not ring unless answer is required." At other doors he would see some quaint name given to the residence, as "The Ancient Magpie and the Stump;" or an invitation to the wayfarer, as, "Open locks to one who knocks."

This last-named class of conceit seemed to be more popular in the sections of Chelsea and South Kensington, although house marks and signs go back to old London, as some writer has stated, before house numbering began in 1764, and it was very difficult to find particular dwellings; therefore the citizens painted them in different colors and marked them "Red House," "White House," etc., and the doors the same. "To be let! Newburg House in Saint James's Park—next door but one to Lady Oxford's; having 2 balls at the gate and iron rails at the door." "Over against the new Exchange in Bedford Street at the sign of the Peacock—when you will see at night 2 candles burning within one of the chambers before the balcony—and a lanthorn with a candle in it upon the balcony." What need of numbering with such particulars? Likewise, when homes were brass-plated on their fronts, "Swan House" or "The Clock House," with their modern echoes in less pretentious titles, as "Balaklava Villa," "Ladysmith Lodge," etc.

Until comparatively a few years ago there was a boys' school in London opposite Old Newgate Prison, which had been there since Edward VI established it in 1533, known as the Christ's Hospital or Blue-Coat School. Shortly after the prison was destroyed the school was removed to some distance from London, yet one frequently sees some of the boys walking through the West End. They wear their ancient style of costume—a long, close-fitting blue coat fastened with a cord and tassel, bright-orange stockings, and no headgear.[1] It is a survival of the London citizen's dress of Edward IV. The watermen of the Thames likewise patronize an ancient style. The guardians of the Tower, the "beefeaters," wear the costume of Henry VII's soldiers. These were the yeomen of the guard, and used to wait on the table at all great solemnities and were arranged near the buffet. This procured them the name of buffeters (beefeaters), so our historian informs us.

In the southwest of London there is the annual custom of handing to the householder prior to Christmas the following gentle reminder: "To the Worthy Inhabitants of the Royal Borough of Westminster—Ladies and Gentlemen. We—the Regular Scavengers of this District, in the employ of W. Mead and Company, Make Humble Application to You, for A Christmas Box, which You are usually so Good as to Give."

Rather dainty, especially that closing portion, so, as one scavenger to another, how could those "Worthy Inhabitants" do otherwise than follow their annual goodness? Such is custom, and it includes the High and Mighty Dustman (he who relieves one of his ashes), the Lordly Cow-Keeper (he who supplies one with cream and milk), the frock-coated Purveyors of Meat by Royal Appointment to His Majesty's subjects (just plain butcher). There is one who is not included, I believe, the free lance of London—he who meows "M-e-e-a-t" daily and offers his precious layers of horseflesh securely harpooned by wooden skewers to all the tabbies in town. Every one knows him—he is the cats'-meat man!

The custom of girls and boys to go from house to house just before Christmas and sing carols—that is, it is called singing—is an old one, but is still the practice. They get in return pears, apples, nuts, and money, and the old name they were known by was hagmena or hogmena, and it is claimed hoghmenay is from the French—*Homme est né;* also the Scotch hagmenai—the last month in the year.

When there are heavy fogs in November that settle first in a pea-green shade and finally develop into the "London Particular," many citizens are rescued from their wanderings by "link-boys," who suddenly pop up, from no one knows where, with flaming torches to act as guides. It is a custom holding over from ancient London, as is the one of paying yearly into the treasury the sheriff's tribute of six horseshoes and nails for the rental of certain property. It is said to date back to the thirteenth century, originating with a blacksmith who had to pay his rent in that form; even a gillyflower, or July flower, was legal tender for that purpose, as it was held as of great rarity.

In Pepys's time surgeons were obliged to display a pole similar to the barber's, except that it was blue-and-white striped and with a "gallypot" and red rag. The barber pole indicated practicing surgery as well as trimming the beard, and it was the custom to place such a staff into the hand of the patient undergoing an operation of bloodletting; the red stripe meant blood and the white stripe the bandage.

William the Conqueror evidently was the originator of coal conservation as well as fire prevention. He started the old habit of curfew ringing, which is continued up to now in parts of London. The word corrupted from the French meant *couvre-feu—i. e.,* cover the fire—and the fires were promptly put out, especially on windy days.

Comparing the prevailing prices in old London with those of to-day in, say, New York City, and the different mode of attracting the buyers, it may be interesting to quote the former and give some of the salesmen's or saleswomen's cries as well:

"New-laid eggs. Crack them and try them. Eight a groat" (which was equivalent to eight cents—or twelve cents a dozen).

"Black and white heart cherries—tuppence a pound—full and honest weight—all round and sound—2 pence a pound—full weight."

"Potatoes! Five full pounds a penny! Potatoes!"

"Primroses—primroses—four bunches a penny!"

"Muffins, ho! Any muffins, crumpets,

[1] The late Bishop Courtney, a famous divine of New York, attended in early youth the Blue-Coat School.

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or Yorkshire cakes? For your coffee or tea—gentlemen and ladies!"

"Hot Cross Buns! One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns!"

The Dustman would tramp along the pavements carrying a basket, calling out: "Dust, ho! Bring out your dust!"

Another dusty citizen who believed that all knives should be constantly cleaned would inquire: "Brickdust! Maids! Any brickdust?"

The watchman who attended to his business walked the streets at dark swinging his "lanthorn" and bellowing out: "Ten o'clock—and a cloudy night! Hang out your lights!" Even in these times of electric lights there may be found in many residential parts of London such wrought-iron lamp stands to which are attached large iron extinguishers.

Certainly the Englishman hates to make any change—as witness how he begins the habit of "standing firmest in his shoes." When as a young man he goes to his family "bespoke bootmaker" (made-to-order shoemaker) to be measured for his footwear, the "bespoke" dealer makes and shapes the last for his customer, just as he properly should, to fit the foot placed before him that particular day; but never will that last be changed one iota or a new one made; and that means that the young man grows and walks apace and becomes middle-aged and on to tottering, bunioned senility, and still his boots and shoes are made on that same old wooden block! "That's the way my father was accustomed to do it, and what was good enough for him is good enough for me." There you have it! Those boots were made of material that would outwear any American-tanned leather; so were the clothes he dressed in of superior quality of goods; but the shape and fit in both instances would be justly considered by an American as eccentric.

How shall we decide it? Start that island in the middle of the Atlantic? Would not that perhaps result in finally eliminating those delightfully attractive whimsicalities of our distant and somewhat estranged relative?

DID HE CALL HIMSELF?

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PUZZLED MINISTER

THE night boat lay at her wharf, after negotiating safely the mud flats and tortuous channel of the upper reaches of the river. A young man stuck his head through the window of his stateroom, drew in a long breath of germ-laden air, and looked with a sinking heart upon the battered canal-boats that fringed the farther bank, the disreputable saloons that overhung the lock, the rows of drab wooden houses with sagging shutters and crazy porches that flanked the river. There lay his future charge. That was to be the setting for his earliest adventure in the ministry. It was not all so forbidding and depressing as the bit his eyes took in—that he knew. The streets that lay behind the water-front were measurably attractive. He could see the spire of the church which had invited him to become its minister thrusting itself upward through the fresh June leafage of splendid trees. It was a beautiful house of worship. Its congregation was made up of the substantial people of the town, generous, devoted. No one could desire a finer body of men to take counsel with than its office-bearers. It had seemed to him the supreme hour of his young life when they had offered him a call. He felt that the hand of a good God had led him to such a place and such a people. But now the sense of the task to which he was committed overwhelmed him. Perhaps it was the sight of that frowsy corner of his prospective parish that dismayed him. How would he ever discharge his responsibility as a minister of the Gospel to a neighborhood like that? He had known nothing of such places and such people. Perhaps it was the appalling consciousness, which had been deepening with every throb of the paddle-wheels that drove him on remorselessly to his destination and his destiny, that he was as ill fitted for his task as any man could be. His berth having been appropriated by certain soulless creatures not on the passenger list, he had had wakeful hours in which his shortcomings paraded before him in heartless mockery. A persistent question challenged his quivering soul, Had he really had a call to the ministry?

He reviewed the influences which had shaped his choice of a life-work. They had been quiet, undramatic, almost imperceptible. He had seen no sign in the heavens. He had had no definite, unmistakable revelation of the will of God to which he could point with confidence. He could not recall even any such soul crisis in his whole life as men call "conversion"—the struggle to believe, the horror of great darkness, the spiritual torment of being a lost soul, suddenly ending in a joyous assurance of being saved. Agonizing struggles there had been over besetting sins, shame and repentance for sins committed; but never with the conviction that he was an outcast or unregenerate; always with the background of unwavering faith that he was a son in his Father's house. There had been deep spiritual experiences in his life, hours when God seemed very near and when he seemed to have climbed new heights of vision. But were these not the common property of believers? Did they, in any final test, constitute a call to the ministry? He had inherited the ministry very much as Timothy inherited his faith, but on his father's side, not on his grandmother's. His father was a minister, devoted, honored, beloved. His mother was the most beautiful Christian he had ever known. It had been a glad day for them both when he announced his decision to be a preacher of the Gospel. How far had the knowledge of their prayers and their desires influenced him? To a greater or less degree, no doubt. Yet neither in school nor college had the thought of going into the ministry held any considerable place in his mind. He had never fought against it. It lay dormant in the background, as a remote possibility if other avenues were closed. On the day he graduated from college he was still as far from a clear vision of his life-work as ever. The final determination had come through a process of elimination. He had gone into teaching. It was the usual stop-gap for graduates who were still undecided whether they would choose a business or a profession. The routine of the class-room had galled him. Then he had made a brief adventure into the business world, to become morally sure after a few months that even if he made a go of it, which he very much doubted, a business career would never content him. Yet it was not wholly discontent and failure that had turned him toward the ministry at last. It was the real satisfaction that came to him in an association that he formed with a mission Sunday school while he was finding the barrenness of a business career. It was the discovery of the power of religion to shape the character of young men, and that the task of bringing men to religion and religion to men was a man's full job, tasking the best that was in him. Did this, the feeling that he would rather give his undivided effort to this than to any other profession, constitute a call? He hoped so. He was not sure. It was a comfort to remember that Phillips Brooks had been led into the ministry by a chain of motives almost precisely similar. Phillips Brooks was not confirmed until he had been over a year in the Theological Seminary. He desired to be of the greatest service to his fellow-men, and it was as the choicest avenue of service that the ministry presented itself to him. If he could effect a tithe of Phillips Brooks's influence upon his generation, perhaps he need not worry over the absence of those supernatural signs that he had a "call."

But the more immediate cause of this young man's depression and doubt was not that he lacked a supernatural revelation, but that he lacked the gifts, either natural or acquired, which go to make the effective preacher. There is a type of preacher who imagines that a "call" is a guaranty of the necessary gifts—

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that he is literally to "take no thought in any hour what he should speak." Words will be given him. This young preacher was of a different mind. It seemed to him that certain gifts might be regarded as constituting a call. If he could preach eloquently, convincingly, that might well be a sign that he ought to preach. But he couldn't. In his suit-case were three sermons. He'd been afraid to trust them to his trunk. They were all he had. They had been wrought out in sweat and anguish. They had taken weeks to write. One of them he would preach next Sunday, thankful that the ordination service in the evening would require no spoken word from him but the benediction. The next Sunday would entirely exhaust his stock. "After that the deluge!" The seminary had not taught him how to preach, nor how to pray, nor how to conduct a service, nor how to do his parish visiting. It had told him what his duties would be without one practical, common-sense word of counsel as to the method of discharging these duties. It had given him a number of skeleton forms on which to drape his sermons, on none of which was he ever able to hang his few and fragmentary ideas. He had never been taught to think logically, nor even to disguise poverty of thought by a mass of illustrations. Thirty years afterward he tells me that he can't make head or tail out of the sermons he preached in that first pastorate—that there is no head nor tail to them; like Melchizedek, they have neither beginning nor end. Marvelous was the patience of his hearers, marvelous their generous memory of his pulpit utterances. It seems strange that they could have left anything in the minds of his congregation but a fog like that from which they emerged in his own.

Well, call or not call, he was there. Like the groom at the altar who finds himself repeating, "for better or worse," it was too late for doubts or forebodings. He had to go through with it. And, to tell the truth, the question of a call to the ministry never troubled him again. He had no time to think about it. If he was not certain of his call to the ministry, there were enough calls in it to take every thought and every minute of his time. If he often was terribly conscious of not measuring up to his job, at least it could be said that he was free from the unfitness of the man who put his hand to the plow and looked back. He had no regrets for anything he had left, but then he had left little. No other man's field seemed so fair and green as his own. No other profession ever tempted him for one moment. His sermons, it is true, were the product of despair. After sitting up all Saturday night, agonizing over his sermon, and stepping into his pulpit with bleared eyes that could hardly discern the still damp hieroglyphics on his manuscript, he would groan in spirit, "Woe is me if I preach;" but he had this grace given him that he could finish the sentence—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." He knew no solution of human ills, individual or social, but the applied Gospel. He was not sure of St. Paul's Gospel, for he was unable as yet to free himself from the rabbinic interpretation of that great Christian which the seminary had set forth, and he could not adjust that teaching to his own experience. But he preached the Gospel Jesus preached as he walked in Galilee or sat in the upper room with his disciples. And he found that that Gospel brought peace to men's souls in their death agony, and comfort to the bereaved, and courage to the hopeless. It was in his work as a pastor that he found freedom and delight. One of his mother's last words to him was this, "Don't forget the old people," and the happiest memories he keeps of those far-away days are of sitting at the humble table, spread with cold ham and hot biscuit and pickles, of some dear old saints who were just pausing for a little while at the threshold of the Father's house; of prayers and words of comfort and hope spoken while kneeling at the chair of some old saint or sinner too helpless to put him out of the door. He brought away from those homes more than he ever took into them. He had a reputation for piety, but that was undeserved. The woman who dusted the pews burst into his study one morning to find him on his knees in prayer; and, being an expert gossip, passed the word around that the minister was a holy man. But the fact must be confessed that he never knew such agony of striving for the souls of his parish as McCheyne knew, or John Knox, nor did he "save men with fear, pulling them out of the fire." Was it because he had nothing in his experience to correspond with the dread of hell which these great apostles of Christianity had felt? He played baseball with the boys without thinking of them as marked for perdition. He once put the fear of God into the heart of a young man who was spreading infidel ideas among the boys of his Sunday school, not by praying with him, but by yanking him face down across his lap and applying a ruler where it would produce the quickest conversion. It is very doubtful whether St. Paul would have done this, though Martin Luther might. It had certainly not been taught in the seminary class-room as a method of turning the sinner from his evil ways. Perhaps Satan put it into his heart; but he rather thinks, as the little girl said when she kicked her brother in the stomach, that it was his "own idea." That, on the whole, seems to be the final impression left upon his memory of the incoherent, immature, happy-go-lucky methods of his first charge, that they were largely his "own idea." There were times when he was vividly conscious of divine interference with his plans; occasions many when the spirit of God mercifully granted evidence that a power above his own was working through him and bringing forth fruit that could not be accounted for by any planting or watering of his own. There were many whom it was his privilege to welcome into the Church. And yet he sometimes wonders whether any earnest layman could not be used, and has not been used again and again, to do all and more than he for the kingdom of God.

It may be interesting to note that the problem which especially oppressed his soul as he looked out of the stateroom window settled itself. It was that of discharging his duty toward the Black Rag, that little corner of hell around the canal lock. It haunted him and burdened his conscience. And so one winter he secured a room in one of the crazy hovels there and conducted a mission. It was as evil a place as he had pictured it. One evening he climbed the rotten stairs that led from the street, to find blood dripping from the landing. A man had been shot through the forehead as he sat on the steps. There was only a brief ripple on those stagnant waters. It was too common an occurrence. The mission could not be called a success. The room was crowded, and, as a goodly number of the men were lit up with Black Rag whisky, the minister had his hands full. He had to throw out a man or two every night. A little trick of the wrist, which he had not been taught in the seminary, did it, and inspired wholesome respect. He thought he was getting on finely. But one night he found not a man in the room. It was the first day in Lent, and the Catholic priest had issued his edict against the Protestant mission. The young minister had never suspected that these were members in good and regular standing of the Roman Church. Having learned this, he felt that he had no responsibility for their souls. It must be confessed that he returned with a full measure of relief to his regular job.

It was all such an unorthodox, unconventional sort of ministry. He was not called to it in the accepted and orthodox way. He discharged the duties of his pastorate in a fashion not laid down at all in the text-books. He never could preach, never learned how to prepare a sermon nor how to deliver it. He had no genius for organization. If he had realized how utterly unfit he was, it is likely that he would never have gone into the ministry. But he feels that he would have been a miserable failure in any other calling. He would have missed those broadening and deepening influences which the ministry brings to bear upon the soul, missed the contact with men whose lives have been an inspiration to him, missed those things which have drawn out of him the very best he had to give. For himself—for his own spiritual and moral and intellectual development—he thanks God every day that somehow he was led into the ministry. But how? Was he really called? Or, like that interesting young preacher whom Mrs. Corra Harris describes in her striking story, "My Son," did he in all sincerity and earnestness "call himself" to the ministry? He isn't sure to this day.

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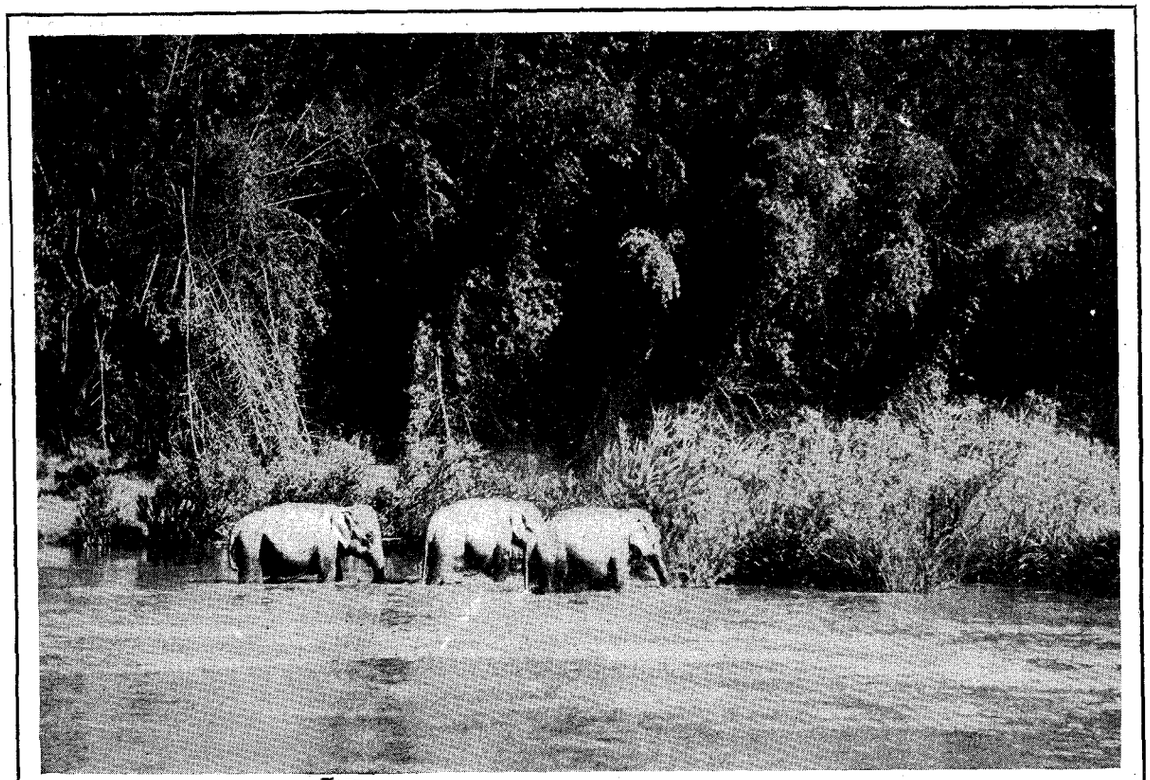
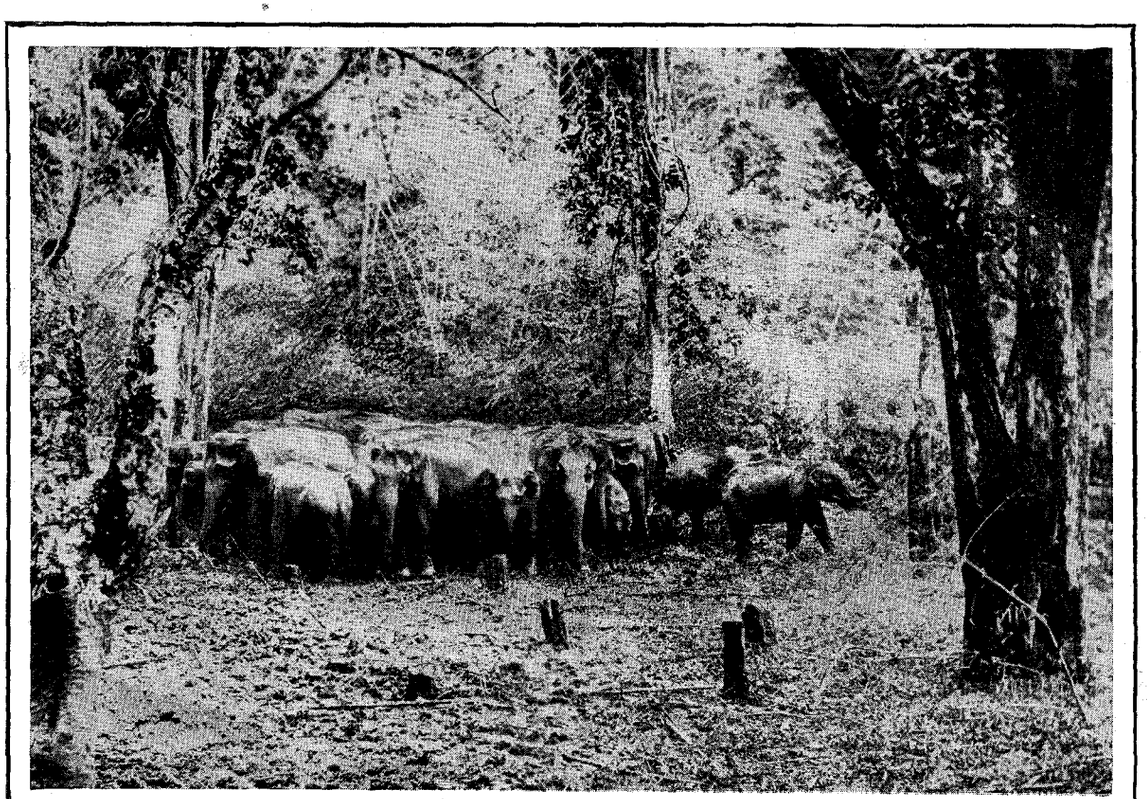
WILD LIFE IN INDIA

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



WILD ELEPHANTS CROSSING A STREAM



A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN THE JUNGLE, BROUGHT TOGETHER BY BEATERS WHO ARE DRIVING THEM TOWARD A KHEDDAH, OR INCLOSURE

From E. W. T. Slater, Hassan, Mysore State, India

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THE BOOK TABLE

NEW NOVELS WITH A SPECIAL INTEREST

THE reader will notice, please, that my title does not mean to refer to novels of special interest, the number of which may be indefinite, but to such as possess each a special interest—something, that is, which, regardless of the rank the critics may assign it, distinguishes it from the ordinary run of fiction.

Thus in Ian Hay's "The Willing Horse"[1] he boldly faces the common fallacy that people won't read war fiction. In a keen-witted preface he describes the alternative as writing a story the events of which precede the war, or a post-war novel which assumes that the war never happened, or a post-war novel about people who took no part in the war, with a choice of characters among "certified lunatics, convicts, and conscientious objectors." He ventures the opinion that in Britain "the people chiefly worth writing about in these days are those who gave body, soul—everything—to win the war." He is perfectly right; the value of the war as a subject for fiction has not been half tried out. This story is not propaganda nor sentimentalism. It tells how in Britain the people lived and felt and endured and how the "willing horse" in army and civil life pulled steadily on despite blunders, red-tapeism, and colossal dullness on the part of their drivers. But this is a background for chosen characters, for incidents that hold the attention, and for the friendly human humor which comes so easily to this author. It is a war novel, just as Mr. Locke's last two published stories are war novels; and all three are instances of the fact that good novels are good novels whether they are about the war or not.

With Mr. Edward Lucas White's "Andivius Hedulio"[2] the point of special interest is that a novel of ancient Rome written by a classicist and archæologist should be so modern in its talk and so exciting in its plot. Mr. White, as he showed in that singular book "The Unwilling Vestal," knows that folks were folks even in the ancient days—that they joked, loved, quarreled, talked slang, and were very much alive. We remember the dignity of Cicero and the elegance of Virgil, and forget the liveliness of the Latin comedies. So the author makes the leader in a fight yell, "Eat 'em alive, boy!" uses such phrases as "a good sport" and "Don't you fool yourself," and declares that "even more than Babe Ruth at baseball Commodus was a wonder at beast killing." If this seems a little incongruous, at all events it helps dissipate the dull solemnity that pervades most novels of classic days. On the other hand, Mr. White has a veritable passion for detail, and this may deter some readers from persisting far enough to discover that this is one of the most exciting tales of adventure ever written. In it a young Roman nobleman in the guise of a slave passes through deadly dangers of strange character. Hunted by the minions of the Emperor Commodus, he lives with assassins, highwaymen, and revolutionists, finds hidden treasure, dares to appear as an animal trainer in the Coliseum under the Emperor's nose and is exposed to death by wild beasts in the arena, to escape unharmed. He sees the whole texture of Roman society from underneath, so to speak, but with the viewpoint of a gentleman and man of the world. The romance is unique in more ways than one. It will repay the lover of the exciting and unusual, even if patience is needed with the prolonged minuteness of description—as, for instance, where Commodus takes a couple of pages arguing as to what he thinks the best type of axles for chariot wheels.

The element of special interest in Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Success"[3] is his onslaught, for it is little less, on New York daily newspaper standards and methods. What he did as regards small-town journalism in his story "The Clarion" he attempts on a metropolitan scale here. The trouble is that he gives one side only. Doubtless vulgarity, catering to advertisers, wallowing in scandal and sensationalism, and subservience to capitalism exist; but the fair and honorable side of newspaper control also exists, and there is little in this book to remind one thereof. The hits are clever, but the total impression is misleading and inadequate. Many men in the profession will be interested in fitting the fictitious names and incidents to actual persons, papers, and occurrences, but here again it would be grossly unfair to assume that the book corresponds to actuality. Apart from the newspaper experiences of the superman hero editor, he is pragmatic and egotistical beyond endurance and his marvelous love affair is unreal, artificial, and exotic.

The point of special interest to me in Mr. Fuessle's "Gold Shod"[4] is not so much its main theme—the struggle in Glinden's nature between his inclination

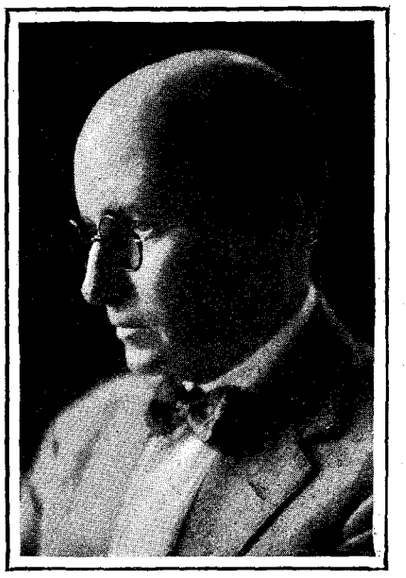
[1] The Willing Horse. By Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[2] Andivius Hedulio: Adventures of a Roman Nobleman in the Days of the Empire. By Edward Lucas White. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

[3] Success. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[4] Gold Shod. By Newton Fuessle. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH



ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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toward art and romance and the desire for business success, to which he is urged on by a cold-blooded and socially ambitious wife—as in the dramatic intensity attaching to Glinden's fight for supremacy in the industrial world. Just as in Mr. Fuessle's first novel, "The Flail," the art of super-advertising was made a vivid thing even to those of us who know nothing about advertising, so here the automobile industry is, one might almost say, dramatized; the rivalries and big coups of the magnates of business, the inventiveness and resource of designers, field agents, and salesmen, the plans, counter-plans, and financial surprises of the master campaigners—all this is endued with personal interest and introduces the reader into practically a new field of fiction material. The dialogue of the story also is notably direct, terse, and lifelike. The effect on Glinden of the repression of his æsthetic side and its result in leading him toward the sensuous and sensual is sound psychology, but I am sure the author will on after thought agree with me that, while one understands that a sort of romantic glamour made Glinden admire the ladies to whom he did so much incline, that glamour does not

NEWTON FUESSLE AT HIS OUTLOOK DESK

"get over" to the reader. In fact, these ladies seem to me a bit common and casual.

Mr. Roche's "The Day of Faith"[5] is unique in at least one thing. It induced the Governor of one State (so newspapers say) to issue a proclamation making November 1 a holiday and calling upon all citizens at noon to repeat the shibboleth of this book, "My neighbor is perfect." What, if anything, happened I have not yet heard. In the book what happened when the whole world did this on a universal Day of Faith was that a sort of millennium began, to be ended in turmoil and despair when it became known that the movement, started sincerely by a semi-inspired girl, had been financed by a multi-millionaire to help gain capitalistic control of the earth. The story is fantastic but thought-provoking, not to be taken literally, yet with a note of fine optimism in it. We can't say truthfully that our neighbor is perfect, but we can say that if we recognize elements of perfection in him we can ignore the rest and hope that he will do the same for us, all to the ultimate good of mankind. The book, apologue though it is in its idea, is not only dramatic but melodramatic in execution. Inevitably it weakens in plausibility as it goes on. It is a notable piece of inventive imagination.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[5] The Day of Faith. By Arthur Somers Roche. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.90.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

IN ONE MAN'S LIFE. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

This book tells in voluminous but interesting detail the story of the life and career of a masterful American business man, the President of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. It is a typical story of simple beginnings, hard work developing into business genius, and ample success. Practical men of all tastes will find entertainment and inspiration in the narrative.

LIFE OF ELIE METCHNIKOFF. 1845–1916. By Olga Metchnikoff. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

This account of Metchnikoff's life and work by his wife is well characterized in a preface by Sir Ray Lankester as "a remarkable and beautiful record of the development and activities of a great discoverer." The author's rare sympathy with the subject of her book, her wide scientific knowledge, and her fine literary ability have combined to produce an unusual biography.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ADVENTURES IN SWAZILAND. By Owen Rowe O'Neil. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $4.

This is likely to prove a "best seller" among the year's records of adventure. It tells of the life of a young Boer of Irish descent, educated at Harvard and Edinburgh Universities, who lived for a while among the natives of East Africa. The narrative is flowing, much of it is in conversational form, the incidents are thrilling, and the book is illustrated with unusually good photographs. Altogether it will attract wide attention from readers who like stirring accounts of personal adventure.

IN THE EYES OF THE EAST. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

If the reader likes a plain, unvarnished tale of travel, this book will not strongly appeal to him; but if he (and especially her) likes a somewhat romantic record of impressions received on a voyage around the world, with plenty of conversation and incidental story-telling, the book will entertain and delight.

TRAVELLER IN LITTLE THINGS (A). By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Delightful sketches, principally of various aspects of English life, though some South American memories are thrown in for good measure. The pleasant humor, the keen observation, and the kindly touch of these essays at once win the reader.

WESTWARD HOBOES. By Winifred Hawkridge Dixon. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.

Two lively, capable Massachusetts girls take a trip in the Southwest and West in their automobile and tell with unfailing good humor of the pleasures and hardships of the trip. Somehow the book makes one feel that it is on the whole much pleasanter to read of such adventures than to encounter them.

WHERE THE STRANGE TRAILS GO DOWN. By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Major Powell's thirst for adventurous activity has recently carried him into remote parts of the East to get pictures for the movies. He has made out of his experiences a book which will attract a host of readers both on account of the present interest in its theme and its interesting photographs.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

PETER PAN AND WENDY. By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

A beautifully illustrated and finely printed edition of Barrie's imaginative romance of child life. Every boy and girl who saw the play "Peter Pan" would love to have this book in his stocking.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

UNDER THE MAPLES. By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A volume of posthumous papers by the famous American naturalist and essayist, abounding (as Mr. Mabie said of another book of Burroughs) in flavor, health, and reality. The Outlook had the pleasure of publishing two of these papers.

MISCELLANEOUS

REMARKABLE ROGUES. By Charles Kingston. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.

One thing that is remarkable about these criminals of Europe and America is that most of them are not especially familiar to readers. Cassie Chadwick and Adam Worth and Martha Kupfer one remembers. But the crimes of Gesina Gottfried, "the female poisoner;" Marie Tarnowska, the Russian Delilah; Jeanne Daniloff, the "Woman with the Fatal Eyes," are new acquaintances. It is probably true, as the author says, that the interest in crime and the criminal is universal; those who do not get enough of horrors in the daily paper may gather new thrills and shivers from this volume.

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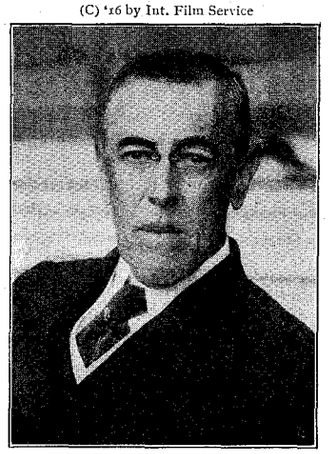

Woodrow Wilson is now an historical figure

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When Wilson was Governor of New Jersey and after he had begun to be discussed as a Presidential possibility, Tumulty one day broached the subject to his chief. Mr. Tumulty writes: "As we discussed the Presidential situation, he turned to me in the most solemn way, and putting his hand to his mouth as if to whisper something, said, 'I do not know, Tumulty, that I would care to be President during the next four years . . . for the next President will have a war on his hands.'"

THERE are more revelations about Woodrow Wilson in this book than in any other. Mr. Tumulty's factful account is straight from the shoulder and decidedly impartial. It contains for the most part matters of record. Therefore, it interests both friend and foe of Woodrow Wilson. The long silence which has been maintained in the face of some of the most astounding accusations ever directed at a man of international prominence is now broken with challenging answers.

Joseph P. Tumulty

brings out the human side of Woodrow Wilson the man, besides discussing his qualities and achievements as a statesman. His account is sparkling and compelling and deals with the greatest personalities of the most important decade since Lincoln.

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—*a few of the challenging facts:*

HE TELLS what Wilson said to him about the sinking of the *Lusitania* at the time it occurred.

He gives the President's soliloquy when they were alone together in the Cabinet room after the President had delivered his great war message to the Congress.

He explains how secret preparations for war were made by the President's order in 1916.

He tells how the "amazing indiscretions" of the Irish-American delegates prevented Wilson from aiding Ireland at the Peace Conference.

He tells why Wilson made his ill-fated tour for the League after his return from Paris.

He tells why Col. Harvey became his enemy instead of his Ambassador.

He tells of his physical collapse and how Lansing during his illness tried to have him superseded by Marshall.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

WILLIAM C. GREGG has recently returned from an extensive tour of the Yellowstone Park on behalf of the National Arts Club of New York City. He represents that club in the work of defending the National Parks. Mr. Gregg is president of the Gregg Company, Ltd., of Hackensack, New Jersey, manufacturers of car and railway equipment. He has contributed frequently to The Outlook on European and economic subjects.

D. M. LE BOURDAIS has sent special correspondence to The Outlook more than once on Canadian political and economic affairs. He is editor of the "Canadian Nation."

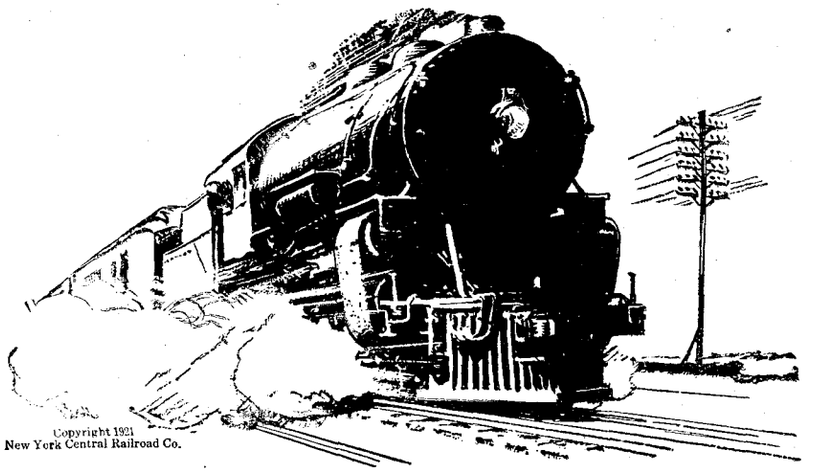
LEONARD HATCH will be remembered as the author of the story "Contentment," published some time ago in The Outlook. Mr. Hatch is a graduate of Harvard University and lives in Trenton, New Jersey.

OWEN STREET is the pseudonym of a New York publicist and writer on financial and economic topics. He has contributed frequently under his real name to The Outlook.

ELISHA FLAGG, who contributes "Whimsical London," is the father of James Montgomery Flagg, the illustrator.

LYMAN ABBOTT is editor-in-chief of The Outlook. Doubleday, Page & Co., who have just published his latest book, "Silhouettes of My Contemporaries," announce: "This is a collection of intimate sketches of the great, by one of them. . . . When he introduced a department called 'The Outlook' into the 'Christian Union' at the time he was an editorial associate of Henry Ward Beecher, it became his duty to make a first-hand study of the great characters of that day. The most striking and lasting impressions of his eighty years' association with great men are here given."

BERNICE LESBIA KENYON was graduated from Wellesley College in 1920, and is now on the editorial staff of "Scribner's." She writes book reviews, verses, and essays. Her home is in New York. This is her third contribution to The Outlook.



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

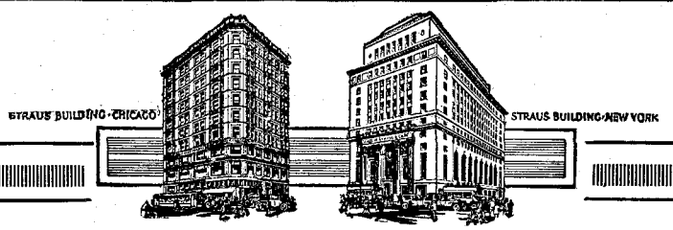
THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE CREDITOR NATION

BY GEORGE B. ROBINSON

THE fundamental problem of reconstruction in the United States is that of adjusting business and finance to the new functions, opportunities, and limitations placed upon them by the fact of our having become a creditor nation.

It is fundamental because we now suffer so grievously from mistakes made since the armistice through our failure to understand this new factor; because the political relationships with other nations desired by the American people can never be permanently accomplished unless we have also cordial business relationships; because it embraces such important subsidiary problems as the tariff, immigration, the refunding of the debts of our allies, the merchant marine; because, with this adjustment made, many domestic problems will disappear in the general prosperity, and the question of just how we shall spread our taxes will become a minor consideration.

The chief limitation of the creditor nation is that it must finance its favorable trade balances. In its case foreign collections present a much more difficult problem than the solvency



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and ability to pay of the individual foreign customer. This limitation, which American business failed to take into account through two mad years, has been responsible for the greatest losses we have taken.

The creditor nation which expects to remain a creditor nation and desires prosperity meanwhile must take payment for exports in three ways: (1) in goods which it is willing to import; (2) in gold which debtor nations can afford to lose; and (3) in foreign securities and physical properties purchased for the accounts of individual investors.

It is obvious that we are willing to import all manner of non-competitive goods in any quantities up to the potential demand. It is only when we consider importation of goods which compete with our own products that opinions do not agree. Unfortunately, it is a matter upon which most of us took side years ago, and upon which party lines have been definitely drawn so that reconcilement to new conditions is difficult.

The protective tariff has had an honorable career in the United States, as it may be expected to have in any nation which is an international debtor. By raising this barrier against importation a nation prevents exploitation of its resources and business opportunities by foreign capital and insures development with the capital of its own nationals. Unless a country's nationals are limited in their capacities to manual labor, it is far better to import labor at the call of domestic capital than to permit the importation of capital which will employ one's own nationals as laborers. In accomplishing the former in this country the protective tariff has played an important part. Without it tremendous cash balances due Europeans would have accumulated in New York each year, representing a constant call on our gold supply, ready and eager for ownership of American resources and properties.

But that day has passed. Such holdings as foreign capital was able to obtain in the United States in spite of the protective tariff have been canceled by the fortunes of war, and to-day America is owned by Americans. So is much of Europe, if we will realize our opportunities. We need no longer fear New York balances to the credit of foreign governments and capitalists; instead we greatly need them if we are to solve the matter of collections.

England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy must tax millions from industry merely to pay us interest. The cost of transportation has increased, also the cost of handling goods in our ports. Our ideas of what constitutes an American standard of living for labor can come down several pegs from the silk-shirt, Ford-car-for-everybody period without doing anybody any harm; so can our ideas of what constitutes an adequate return for capital come down from the days of the profiteers. Many industries which could not compete ten years ago will find that they do not need protection under the new conditions. Such industries as cannot compete with these

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new advantages can be fairly classed as inefficient and had best be scrapped while we are in the business of scrapping inflated values.

Our real problem is the protection of our efficient industries, not from foreign competition, but from total failure of an export market. We must export in great quantities cotton, wheat, copper. In manufacturing in many efficient lines—meat packing, automobiles, steel, machinery, electrical equipment, railway equipment, etc.—we are geared to quantity production and equipped to manufacture large surpluses above all possible domestic demands. We can have the high wages and low costs of the quantity production system, can maintain values in these efficient industries and avoid labor distribution from them, only by having export markets; we can have adequate export markets only by taking foreign goods in payment without tariff restrictions. So the tariff matter has become largely a question of whether we shall protect our inefficient non-exporting industries with high import duties, or our efficient exporting industries, including agriculture, with very low duties.

Creditor nations may also take payment for surplus of exports over imports in gold which debtor nations can afford to lose. No nation, however, can afford to lose in foreign trade such quantities of its stores of precious metal as will endanger its promises of redemption of its circulating media of exchange. Nor can a creditor nation afford to accept such quantities of precious metal from its debtors; by doing so it will promote domestic inflation and ultimately estop further trade by reducing the debtor nation to the necessity of barter. In the present case, the debtor nations have already lost to us far more than they could afford. Very few nations are on a gold basis internationally; instead, foreign currencies are at great discounts, which fluctuate with our willingness to extend credits. The next step will be international barter. Further gold importations into the United States should be stopped, by embargo, if necessary, lest the further inevitable operation of Gresham's law ruin the financial structure of the world.

The third method of taking payment for favorable trade balances, namely, in securities and properties for the accounts of individual investors, presents the real opportunity of the creditor nation. It is the method which in our case will restore the equilibrium of trade and the international gold standard, and will lead on to the fulfillment of our destiny in world development.

The nation which exports more than it imports in goods and gold exports capital. The excess goods are themselves capital. But there are two kinds of capital, only one of which may be safely exported. That kind is investment capital, the saved wealth of individuals. The other kind, which no nation can ever afford to export, is the working capital of its industrial and

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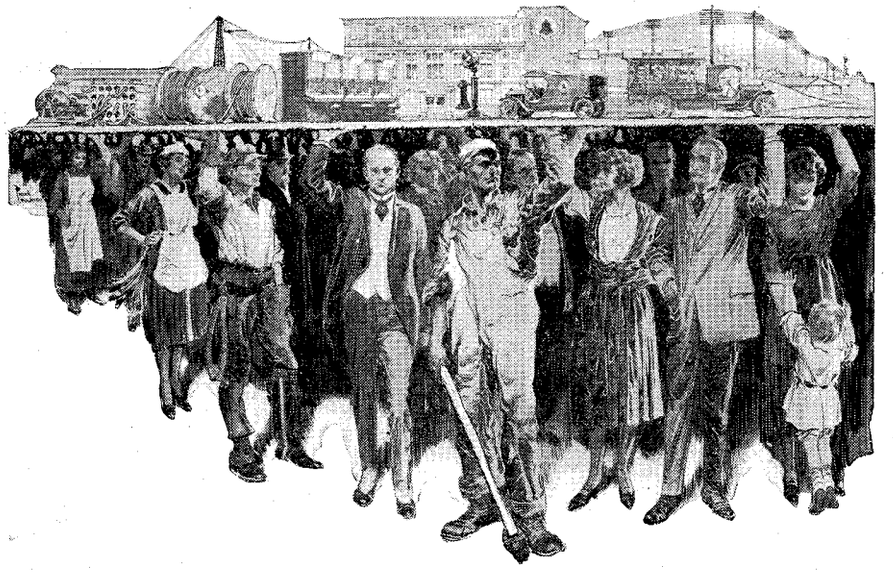
financial enterprises. For two years we have been exporting working capital instead of investment capital.

Creditor nations, since the advent of commercial conquest, have prospered by buying foreign securities and acquiring foreign properties in settlement of favorable trade balances. Not many years have passed, indeed, since Wall Street so eagerly greeted news of the buying of the Union Pacific and Pennsylvania Railroad shares by Amsterdam and London. These shares were bought for the accounts of individual investors, not for the accounts of merchants or banks which had balances in New York. England and Holland understood the functions and opportunities of the creditor nation. It was understood that it was not good business to expect the exporter to take payment in securities because he probably needed cash in his business. Therefore the investment capital of individuals was mobilized to buy the securities and restore equilibrium. This policy was an open secret of England's commercial glory. "The sun never set" on men laboring with brain and hands to add interest and dividends to England's income; in her great extremity it proved her strongest financial asset.

Nor need we look beyond our own experience. From the spring of 1915 until the end of the war our tremendous favorable balances were financed with the capital of our individual investors. First by their purchases of American securities which had been held abroad; later, by their purchases of bonds of foreign governments; finally, by their purchases of Liberty Bonds, the proceeds of which, to the extent of $10,000,000,000, were placed to the credit of the Allied Governments. It was only when we departed from this policy entirely after the armistice that we built the structure which has now collapsed. American business was permitted to sell where it would and collect where it could until we discovered that we had, in effect, exported several billion dollars of the working capital of our industries and banks, and had not taken the necessary steps to refund it with the investment capital of individuals.

American international bankers have indeed made great efforts to create a market in the United States for foreign securities, and have succeeded in placing with investors more than $1,000,000,000 of such issues, principally the bonds of the various Governments. But these bonds have been placed entirely through the usual channels with investors who are bond buyers by habit. The purchasing power of these investors, while large, is by no means adequate to absorb the supply of foreign credits which is being created in our favor, nor can we have an adequate market without general public participation on a scale approaching that which we found was necessary for the distribution of Liberty Bonds.

The first attention paid to this situation by Congress was in the enactment of the Edge Law. This law recognized the necessity of financing our excess exports with the capital of individual in-



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People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of the more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

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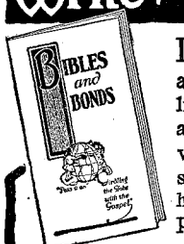

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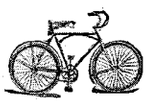

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

vestors, but assumed that the granting of long-term credits by American sellers to foreign buyers would solve the problem. This is open to serious doubt. On such transactions the seller will remain contingently liable. To the extent to which he remains contingently liable he will have placed his working capital at the risk of foreign collections over a period of several years. We cannot expect that our industries will accept such risks, particularly because they are double risks, including not only the solvency of the customer in his own country, but the international solvency of his country. The attempt to facilitate grain exports by granting Government credits to farmers and exporters is open to the same criticism: the farmers want a cash export market, not credits against long-term foreign collections.

Moreover, it is not particular exports which require financing unless we intend to assume commercial banking functions for the world, but the excess of exports over imports. It is exceedingly important that in furnishing these tremendous sums of investment capital we should obtain the best risks and opportunities available. It is always probable that better investments for American capital can be found in the debtor countries than the obligations of importers of particular shipments which would issue under a system of granting long-term credits.

The plain fact is that such increase in our National wealth as has taken place since 1914 is very largely in two categories: we have redeemed foreign debits and created foreign credits. If our National gain is in foreign credits, so should the gains of individuals who have saved during this period be in foreign credits. But that is not the case, due to the fact that first the Government and later the banks and exporters stood between the public and the opportunity or burden, as you will, of absorbing foreign credits for investment. Efforts to advance foreign trade by granting long-term credits, unless exporters are entirely relieved of contingent liability for ultimate collections, go only a step further in the same direction by fastening upon our efficient exporting industries alone a burden which should have National distribution.

On the other hand, what amounts to a great burden to our banks and exporting industries is an equally great opportunity for American investors. We are offered on very attractive terms the ownership of European properties, the resources and business opportunities of South America. The values are there, in far greater amounts than our present credits call for. We have delayed too long now in acquiring them. The reward will be rehabilitation of the exchanges, normal trade conditions, an ever-growing income for American capital from the four corners of the earth.

The greatest desideratum is a comprehensive programme for our business dealings with other nations which will be permanent and will guide our decisions in all subsidiary questions which arise. The important matters which come up for governmental action cannot be settled singly. Such a programme would have as a starting-point an intention to encourage American investment capital to encompass the earth. The encouragement of export trade would be the first step. The development and use of the merchant marine would be another logical step. So would ultimate collection of the debts of our allies. High tariff, on the other hand, would have to yield, not only because it would operate against the building of export markets and a merchant marine, but because we should soon be excluding, as in the case of Mexican oil, all manner of products produced abroad at the instance of American capital. Such a programme would include as an early step a complete survey of world markets to determine the potential and probable demands of each for our products, not only what they may want, but what they can pay for in goods and sound securities.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

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BY THE WAY

THE English hostess was very proud over the recent elevation of one of her family to the House of Lords, as related by a British weekly. "This," she said to her friend, "makes the second of our family in the Peers. Have you any relation in the House of Lords?" "No," was her friend's reply; "I have no relation in the House of Lords, but I have two maiden aunts in the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Wishing to see something good at the movies," a correspondent writes, "I asked a young man who sat opposite us at our hotel table what was the best thing in our vicinity. 'Oh,' he said, 'you want to go down to the —— and see Douglas Fairbanks in "A Human Mosquiter."' I had seen posters announcing 'A Modern Musketeer,' but after seeing the picture we decided that the young man's title was the more appropriate of the two."

The worst days of the Circumlocution Office and of the Chancery Courts of England are brought to mind by the statement in the "Railway Age" that damages amounting to $180,000 were recently paid to the Pennsylvania Railroad by the city of Chicago, the payment closing a legal contest which had started in 1894—twenty-seven years ago. The railway had obtained in 1905 a verdict of $105,000 against the city for damages caused by the trainmen's strike of 1894 and the accompanying riots. The case was appealed and lost again by the city, and the interest on the original judgment continued to mount until $180,000 was required to settle the case.

Vicar (as reported by "Punch")—"Your pigs are doing very well, John—very well, indeed." John—"Ay, they be. If me and you wos as fit t' die as they be, we 'ud do, sir."

An epitaph on a tombstone in the cemetery at Middlebury, Vermont, reads, as copied by one of our subscribers:

Faithful husband, thou art at rest—
until we meet again.

Another subscriber quotes this:

Dear husband do not weep: I am not
dead, but in an everlasting sleep.

. . .

In slumber sweet beneath this peaceful shrine
Sleep lovely wife until thy lot be mine.
I'll come when called to cross proud Jordan's tide
And soundly sleep as usual by thy side.

"New York is probably the most difficult port in the world in which to dock a great ocean liner," a docking expert says. "This is because New York is the only port where the docks are at right angles to a river in which strong tides flow regularly. A ship's captain is usually pictured as experiencing his greatest worry when his vessel is at sea buffeted by wind and wave. As a matter of fact, storms are of small concern to masters of modern liners. Anxiety

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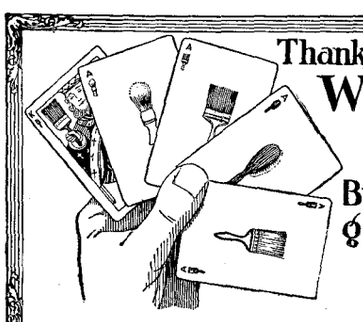

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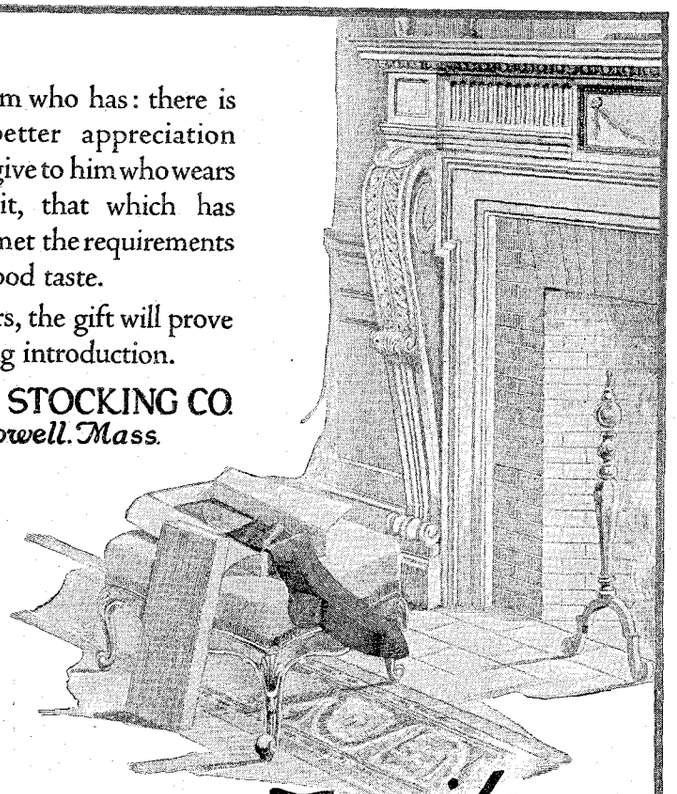

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BY THE WAY
(Continued)

really begins in harbors where a ship is hampered by lack of room to maneuver. In New York Harbor, where the piers are like the teeth of a huge comb, the skipper must come to a stop and swing the great bulk of his ship crosswise to the flowing tide, hold it there, and nose its way into one of the openings. He must use from a dozen to twenty tugs if his vessel is as long as the Mauretania."

Miss Jane Addams, the well-known reformer, was talking about the modern girl's materialism. "I once remarked to a very modern girl," she said, as reported in a contemporary, "that in choosing a husband one should never judge by appearances, which were often very deceptive. 'Right you are,' the modern girl agreed, as she fixed a cigarette in her amber cigarette tube; 'the worst-looking men often have the most money.'"

How far do flies fly? An investigation under the direction of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture shows that marked flies of various species have flown distances from a fifth of a mile to over fifteen miles from the point of liberation, and that unexpectedly rapid flights have been made—in some cases of over eight miles in less than a single day. The desire for food and for securing suitable places for oviposition appear to be the chief stimuli for these long flights.

"What is the dose of aromatic spirits in a case of fainting?" was a question asked in an examination in home nursing in a rural high school, according to a medical weekly. And this was one answer: "A dose of spirits of ammonia in a case of fainting, is two or three smells."

"Puri is one of the holy places of India. Among the famous relics preserved there for centuries is the so-called Golden Tooth of Buddha." In this caption under a picture in The Outlook of November 2 the word *is* in the last sentence should read *was*, an Outlook subscriber says. He adds:

> I believe it is a matter of record that the original supposed tooth of Buddha was removed from Puri about 400 A.D. and taken to Ceylon. This tooth was destroyed by the Portuguese in 1560. A new tooth was then fabricated by the Buddhists. It is twice the size of any human tooth and looks like discolored ivory. It is now in the Maligawa Temple in Kandy, Ceylon. I stood by the Buddhist priest who was displaying it to the gaze of relays of pilgrims who were prostrating themselves and of course paying for the privilege. The statement about this Buddhist relic being at Puri might lead some to think that the temple at Puri is Buddhist, which is not true.

The following advertisement appeared in the Brooklyn "Eagle:"

> WANTED—Diphenylguanadine, to get in touch with a man who thoroughly understands the manufacture. Address —— ——, Akron, Ohio.

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